

# LITTELL'S LIVING AGE.

Fifth Series, }  
Volume XXVIII. }

No. 1851. — December 6, 1879.

{ From Beginning,  
{ Vol. CXLIII.

## CONTENTS.

I. MOZART, . . . . .	<i>Edinburgh Review,</i> . . . . .	579
II. HE THAT WILL NOT WHEN HE MAY. By Mrs. Oliphant. Part IV., . . . .	<i>Advance Sheets,</i> . . . . .	594
III. SYRIA. The Maronites, . . . . .	<i>Blackwood's Magazine,</i> . . . . .	605
IV. A POOR DEVIL, . . . . .	<i>Blackwood's Magazine,</i> . . . . .	617
V. MATTHEW ARNOLD'S SELECTIONS FROM WORDSWORTH, . . . . .	<i>Fortnightly Review,</i> . . . . .	624
VI. HUNTING FOR SNARKES AT LYME REGIS, .	<i>Temple Bar,</i> . . . . .	633
VII. THE BIS-COBRA, THE GOH-SAMP, AND THE SCORPION, . . . . .	<i>Nature,</i> . . . . .	637
VIII. THE SILK GOODS OF AMERICA, . . . .	<i>Nature,</i> . . . . .	638
IX. A VILLAGE IDYLL, . . . . .	<i>Fraser's Magazine,</i> . . . . .	639

## POETRY.

BIRDS, . . . . .	578	TURNER, . . . . .	578
CHANCE, . . . . .	578	A VILLAGE IDYLL, . . . . .	639
IN CITY STREETS, . . . . .	578		

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY BY  
LITTELL & CO., BOSTON.

## TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.

For EIGHT DOLLARS, remitted directly to the Publishers, the LIVING AGE will be punctually forwarded for year, free of postage.

An extra copy of THE LIVING AGE is sent gratis to any one getting up a club of Five New Subscribers. Remittances should be made by bank draft or check, or by post-office money-order, if possible. If neither of these can be procured, the money should be sent in a registered letter. All postmasters are obliged to register letters when requested to do so. Drafts, checks and money-orders should be made payable to the order of LITTELL & Co.

Single Numbers of THE LIVING AGE, 18 cents.

## BIRDS.

"Behold the fowls of the air." — Sermon on the Mount.

OH, ye angels! this your calling,  
Benedictions letting falling  
With your melody;  
Music-waters flowing by,  
Streams whose spring is in the sky,  
Rivers on your courses singing,  
To this worn world ever bringing  
Sweetest lullaby,  
Soothing sorrow, bringing rest  
To the heart with care oppressed:  
Who your minstrelsy inspires?  
Who instructs your holy choirs?  
Who attunes your cherub lyres?  
Oh, ye angels! whence your calling,  
Benedictions letting falling  
From each forest bough?

Yet ye are not from the sky,  
Ye have homes to mine hard-by,  
And in toil with me ye vie.  
Rising soon as early grey  
Tells the coming of the day;  
Working on till even light  
Gives its place to gathering night;  
On your daily duty bent,  
Yet in mood of sweet content;  
Rising ever and anon  
Into fresh and fresher song,  
So almost deceiving me  
That ye might small angels be:  
Oh, ye toilers of the earth,  
Tell me, tell me, whence your mirth!

Thus one made to me reply,  
Pointing upwards to the sky:  
"There, my fellow-worker, there  
I am taught to leave my care;  
From all anxious thoughts I'm free,  
For the Father cares for me."  
And there came this sudden thought,  
Thus it was that Jesus taught —  
Taught that all the fever-caring,  
Which away man's life is wearing,  
All his fear of want and death,  
Is but simple lack of faith.

So I found their angel calling,  
Felt their benediction falling:  
Opening my blind eyes to see  
How heaven's care from care should free,  
And how man may draw from thence  
Gladness and sweet confidence.

Sunday Magazine.

B. W. G.

## CHANCE.

A WORD unspoken, a hand unpressed,  
A look unseen or a thought unguessed,  
And souls that were kindred may live apart,  
Never to meet or know the truth,  
Never to know how heart beat with heart  
In the dim past days of a wasted youth.

She shall not know how his pulses leapt  
When over his temples her tresses swept;  
As she leaned to give him the jasmine wreath  
She felt his breath, and her face flushed red  
With the passionate love that choked her  
breath,

And saddens her life now her youth is dead.

A faded woman who waits for death,  
And murmurs a name beneath her breath;  
A cynical man who scoffs and jeers  
At women and love in the open day,  
And at night-time kisses, with bitter tears,  
A faded fragment of jasmine spray.

London Society.

## IN CITY STREETS.

For the wide sidewalks of Broadway are then  
Gorgeous as are a rivulet's banks in June,  
That, overhung with blossoms, through its  
glen,  
Slides soft away beneath the sunny noon,  
And they who search the untrodden wood for  
flowers  
Meet in its depths no lovelier ones than ours.

For here are eyes that shame the violet,  
Or the dark drop that on the pansy lies,  
And foreheads white as when, in cluster set,  
The anemones by forest mountains rise;  
And the spring beauty boasts no tenderer streak  
Than the soft red on many a youthful cheek.

Soft voices and light laughter make the street  
Like notes of wood birds, and, where'er the  
eye

Threads the long way, plumes wave, and  
twinkling feet

Fall light, as hastes that crowd of beauty by.  
The ostrich hurrying o'er the desert space  
Scarce bore those tossing plumes with fleetest  
pace.

W. C. BRYANT.

## TURNER.

Thy soul adoring, nature by thy hand  
Was changed to gorgeous visions as in  
dreams;

Fair marble piles, illumed by golden beams,  
Infinitude of heavens in hues no wand  
But thine controls; o'er sea and verdured land  
Thy spell is cast,—like fairy's pathway  
gleams

Thy sunlight on the rolling wave, and  
streams

Arcadian spring to life at thy command.

Attuned to scenes like these thy deepest soul;  
Forth from those deeps rich harmonies arise  
That they with open ears to hear may hear.

Thy faults we would avoid, thy virtues' roll  
Let friendship, love, and gratitude apprise,  
And tell the world that they do hold thee  
dear.

CYRUS COBB.

From The Edinburgh Review.  
MOZART.\*

It is an instructive as well as a most interesting task to review occasionally our impressions in regard to the genius, the personality, and the place in his art, of a great poet in whatever form of imaginative production. The mere blind and unquestioning acceptance of the works of any man of genius, however eminent, on the faith of a reputation once established is not the best or most worthy, because not the most reasonable, form of homage; and even with those whose faith in the absolute greatness of their idol is too well founded to be shaken, a new light may be thrown on the subject by a reconsideration of the reasons of their faith, affecting not only our estimate of the individual artist, but the conditions of the art itself.

In regard to Mozart, an opportunity is afforded for such a review of his character as man and musician, not only by the publication in Germany of the new and first complete edition of his compositions, but by the re-issue, under good editorship and with careful revision, of the most complete and sensibly written musical biography in our language — not rich, certainly, in biographical works of that class. Indeed it may, perhaps, be said that Holmes's "Life of Mozart" is the only good specimen of musical biography that we can boast of among works originally written in English. Slightly dry in style, it has nevertheless the advantage of having been the work of a good musician, who understood the real grounds on which the fame of Mozart rests, and the special qualities in which he was pre-eminent as a composer; and though the work of an enthusiastic admirer of its subject, it is nevertheless free from that sickly and sentimental effusion of adoration which is

the bane of so much musical biography; indeed, in regard to Mozart's personal character, the writer was so far from partiality as to do injustice to his subject in some points, chiefly through imperfect information and the misinterpretation of letters and documents which later researches have placed in a different light. The new edition of the "Life" differs in one point certainly from that of the compositions which is being brought out at Leipzig. It is anything but an *édition de luxe*; and we could have wished that a book which is so agreeable an addition to a musical library should have been brought out anew in a form and setting more worthy of the occasion than is the thin, closely printed, one-volume octavo before us, not even embellished with a portrait of the composer. But the editing has been done by a very able and thorough musician, Mr. Ebenezer Prout, also an accomplished musical critic and a practised writer. He has corrected obvious errors in Holmes's book and supplied information in his own notes in regard to musical and biographical points which have been more fully elucidated since the original publication, and in regard to one or two of which, more particularly the authorship of parts of the "Requiem," Holmes's conclusions have been placed entirely out of date by recent critical investigation. These, however, are but small portions of the whole work, the general accuracy of which has been rather confirmed than impugned by the results of subsequent research, though we may no doubt find some room for reversal of the judgments expressed or implied in regard to Mozart as man and musician, in considering his career from the point of view of the present day.

It is not worth while here to dwell on the extraordinary records of Mozart's precocity in music, which are familiar to most persons who have taken any interest in the history of the art. Extreme precocity of this kind has occasionally been displayed without being followed by any corresponding development of genius in more mature life;\* and the fact

\* 1. *Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart's Werke*. Kritisch durchgesehene Gesamtausgabe. Leipzig (in progress).

2. *The Life of Mozart, including his Correspondence*. By EDWARD HOLMES. A New Edition, with Notes by EBENEZER PROUT. London: 1878.

3. *The Life of Mozart*. Translated from the German Work of Dr. LUDWIG NOHL, by Lady WALLACE. London: 1877.

4. *The Story of Mozart's Requiem*. By WILLIAM POLK, F.R.S., Mus. Doc. Oxon. London: 1879.

\* Our own composer, Dr. Crotch, is an example. The stories told of his achievements at the age of four,

of the early proficiency in *technique* which has not unfrequently been exhibited both by painters and musicians at an age when the intellectual meaning and scope of their art could hardly have been grasped at all, is very suggestive in regard to the dual nature of those forms of imaginative expression which involve great technical skill, in contemplating which we are drawn, according to our mood or temperament, sometimes towards one element in the art, sometimes towards the other: now disposed to think with Voltaire that a difficulty overcome is always something, now disposed to share George Sand's indignant repudiation of such a view of art. That this precocity in *technique* is indicative not so much of the degree as of the nature of the genius of its possessor, is obvious in comparing Mozart with Beethoven. No such stories are told of the childhood of Beethoven; and we know that he conquered by hard and in one sense unwilling study that power of technical construction in counterpoint which he turned to such splendid account in the contrapuntal episodes that at once relieve and intensify the passionate expression of many of his greatest movements. But it is only in these episodes that Beethoven shows to advantage as a constructor in the strict forms of composition. His longer essays in fugue, such as the finale of the B-flat Sonata, however astonishing when executed by a great player, are knotty, rugged, deficient in balance and continuity, when compared with similar productions by Bach or Mozart; and the judgment of his own pupil, Moscheles, who said that he did not like Beethoven "trying to be contrapuntal," will be the ultimate verdict on these works when we have shaken off the influence of that false musical criticism which has for the present vitiated the public mind so much as to the scope and capabilities of the art. What young Beethoven acquired with difficulty and in a spirit

of rebellion, Mozart seems, for anything we can ascertain to the contrary, to have possessed intuitively, or, at least, to have acquired by a process of assimilation as natural in his case as that by which children learn to talk. That he studied hard in one sense all his life, there can be no question; that is, he examined the scores of all other composers of note, and was acquainted with all that had been done in the art up to his own time; but he always spoke as slightly as did Beethoven of theory-books and exercises, and his remark when he heard Bach's motetts, "That is something from which one can learn," seems to imply that in general he was not conscious of having learned much from other composers. His early power over musical construction foreshadowed the career of a composer who has, perhaps, surpassed any other of the great musicians in the faculty of combining science with effect, of doing difficult things as if they were easy, and who always handled his materials as if he could do just what he liked with them. It is worth notice that as a child he displayed also a passion for and great aptitude in arithmetic, which for a time almost pushed music on one side: not the only instance in which the metaphysical relation between harmony and numerical proportion has been illustrated by the union of a quick perception of both sciences in the same person. But this constructive intuition would not necessarily have given us Mozart; it might only have resulted in another Albrechtsberger.

The mere account of the musical feats of the young Mozart derives, however, some additional interest and significance from the spirit and impulse under which they were done. We recognize not merely the presence of extraordinary musical gifts, but eager ambition and self-reliance, in the manner in which he flew at every sort of musical game so soon as it was presented to him; in his childish attempt at a concerto, so difficult that his father said no one could play it; in the readiness and courage with which, the first time the pedal board of an organ was shown and explained to him, he immediately would try it, and preluded standing

if not so numerous, are nearly as extraordinary as anything that is related of Mozart; but, though some of his compositions are very beautiful, he never made his own style or developed sufficient individuality to remove him from the crowd of second-rate composers whose works hardly outlive their own age.



on the pedals (on alternate feet it must be presumed), his legs being too short to reach them when seated. This kind of pluck, which he displayed throughout his life in his readiness on emergencies, was the more noteworthy in a child so delicately organized that the sound of a trumpet loudly blown caused him physical pain and prostration almost to fainting. But the traits of moral character which come out in these records of Mozart's childish and boyish years are of even more interest than those which illustrate his musical faculty, and are not without relation either to his future achievements. In the gay, witty, observant letters which he wrote to his sister and others during his Italian tour (at the age of thirteen and fourteen), we find that perception of humor and character which, in after years, was so conspicuous in "*Figaro*" and "*Don Juan*." But the moral aspect of the child's character, amid the influences to which it was subject, is really touchingly beautiful; there has seldom been a nature, surely, more sweet and healthful than his, sent upon this earth. That a child who at his earliest years (after mere infancy) was literally turned into a travelling exhibition, was prematurely famous, fêted, caressed, raved about, kissed and dandled by empresses and queens, and treated almost as a royal prince, should have preserved not only during his childhood, but throughout his boyhood also, whilst the same kind of spoiling process was going on, the most perfect artlessness and freshness of childlike manners, remaining perfectly free from vanity and affectation, perfectly simple and unconventional in his feelings and behavior, is certainly a very unusual evidence of a naturally charming and healthy disposition; all the more so since it is evident that the boy with all his high spirits and fun, already showed that proper sense of the dignity of his art, and of the respect due to him as an artist, which remained with him through life, under, not unfrequently, very trying circumstances. Among stories illustrative of this simplicity there is none more pleasantly characteristic than that of the little fellow at the court of Vienna, about to

play a concerto, with the emperor and the courtiers standing round him, but declining to begin till Wagenseil, the composer, had been sent for, as "he understands the thing." But the sweet and simple character of Mozart stands out the more by contrast with that of his father, a personage about whom there are some popular ideas to be set right. Holmes, not escaping that tendency to *couleur de rose* which is the biographer's disease, speaks with great respect of Leopold Mozart, and in Nohl's foolish and sentimental biography he is described as a worthy man who lived to see his one aim in life accomplished, the recognition of his son as the leading composer of his age. Yet both biographers give us ample materials for the conclusion that in reality Leopold Mozart was a mean soul — a typical specimen of paltry, narrow-minded respectability of the most ordinary class; sour-tempered, pious, prudish, and time-serving. He began life as "valet-musician" to the amiable Archbishop of Salzburg, and the valet and the musician seem to have been equally mixed in his nature. He did his best to ruin the character of his gifted child by making his boyhood a period of exhibition for his own glory and profit; while he himself, in the intervals of bowing and scraping to high transparencies, calculated how the court dresses, etc., could be turned to account in an economical fashion. A bigoted Catholic, he found Lutherans "wise and pious" who allowed him to give concerts in Lent; he becomes suddenly shocked at the impiety of London, and the bad bringing up of the children, when he finds there is no more money to be made there; he behaved in the most unfeeling manner to his son in regard to his marriage (a matter in which young Mozart showed really unselfish love and devotion), but he warned him, certainly, that "it depends entirely on yourself whether, infatuated with some pretty face, you one day breathe your last on a straw sack, your wife and children in a state of starvation, or, after a well-spent Christian life, die peacefully in honor and independence, and your family well provided for." This can only be paralleled by Partridge's

contrast between being killed next day in battle, and dying in your bed, "a great many years hence, like a good Christian." But enough of this moral and musical hobby-horse, about whom posterity never need have been troubled, had he not been the father of his son.

We get many side lights on art and character, and the society of the times, from the pages of a biography in which Mozart's own letters are plentifully introduced. It was, indeed, the professed object of Holmes to arrange the "Life" so as to let Mozart, as he said in the preface, "as far as possible tell his own story." This is really and very successfully done throughout a great part of the book. The connecting links in regard to the facts of Mozart's life are supplied by the biographer, but the life and color and reality in the narrative come from the composer's own gay, sparkling, and often good-naturedly satirical letters; the qualifying adverb is only fair, for even when most displeased with any one he seems to have been incapable of anything that could be called spiteful feeling.

What strikes one in reading the letters that are most directly concerned with musical topics, is the constant impression we receive of the youth and freshness of the art at that period. No one had then thought of calling in question the existing forms of music; there was no doubt that the object of music was to give pleasure; no doubt that the forms which it had assumed were what they should be; no question that the extempore conduct of a fugue on a given subject, and in a strictly logical form, was one of the highest achievements and enjoyments possible to the musician and his hearers. Indeed there is something quite contagious in the account of the high spirits and healthy delight which Mozart seems to have taken himself in his intellectual exhibitions of this kind, while at the same time kindling even more vivacious appreciation in his listeners. Over and over again we come on the same kind of picture—the musician surrounded by a circle of excited hearers, giving vent to their delight and astonishment in various unconventional ways; Mozart himself, in the midst of all the concentration of the musical half of his nature upon his extempore composition, always cool and self-possessed enough to notice his hearers and describe their demeanor afterwards. At a musical party at Augsburg, after playing a violin concerto, some one had heard of Mozart's playing on the organ a few days before,

and he was to be asked to play "in the organ style." This meant, of course, fugues. Some one present gave him a subject.

I played upon it in a jocose style, and in the middle (the fugue was in G minor) I began in the major, but still playfully and in the same *tempo*; then came the subject reversed; and at last the thought struck me of giving a sportive character to the theme of the fugue. I did not stop long considering, but did it at once, and it went as accurately as if cut out with a razor.

No wonder that "the dean was beside himself with pleasure." Then came a difficult fugued sonata, which was to be played at sight, after a little deprecation on the part of Mozart, followed by the performance in such a style as to evoke from the irrepressible dean such expressions as "rogue," "conjurer," etc. In the same letter we have the account of a concert where Mozart, having played with two others his concerto for three pianos, added a sonata and another concerto.

Then again alone a strict fugue in C minor; then a magnificent sonata in C major out of my head, and finished with a rondo. There was a prodigious hubbub and noise. Stein did nothing but make faces and grimaces of astonishment, and Demler laughed continually. This last is quite a curious man; when anything pleases him he laughs immoderately. He almost began to swear at me.

At Mannheim, again, he plays the organ during mass "for amusement;" to say truth, the music seems to have got quite the better of the worship.

I was in my best humor. There is always a voluntary here in the place of the "Benedictus," so I took a phrase from the "Sanctus" and fugued upon it. There they all stood making faces.

"They" being the players in the chapel band. Mozart's frank description in these letters as to the effect of his performances has not a touch of vanity about it; nothing but the pleasant consciousness of power and a desire that those dear to him should sympathize in his enjoyment and his triumph. As to the abstract value to be attached to such exhibitions of spontaneous mastery over the most difficult and exacting forms of musical composition, readers in the present day will be less unanimous than Mozart's contemporaries. Extempore playing is now almost entirely at a discount; whether this is the result of a decline in musical constructive power, or whether it is owing to the modern view of the objects and scope of music,

which assumes the necessity of a poetic basis or *raison d'être* for a composition, and therefore almost precludes the idea of music produced offhand and to order. The feeling of Mendelssohn on this point is more than once expressed in his letters; when he complains, for example, of people insisting on his extemporizing after supper, when he was sure he had "nothing in his head but benches and cold fowl." But if the stricter forms of composition are out of vogue, and have given place to more purely emotional music, and if the science displayed by Mozart in his extempore fugues and fantasias might be now thought a less important musical element than it then was, this fact does not in the least detract from the intellectual brilliancy of his achievements; the conditions of the art as then understood may or may not have been the highest and best, but the readiness, insight, and concentration, necessary for the extempore handling of musical form under those conditions, cannot from any point of view be called in question. As to the Mendelssohn criticism about extempore playing (which is quite in the spirit of the modern school), it is at least a fair question whether the higher capability or the higher genius is manifested by a musician who can only produce anything worth hearing when he is "in the mood" and under suggestive circumstances, or by one who is always in the mood, and has sufficient wealth of ideas to draw upon always at the shortest notice and upon the slightest hint. We said it was "at least a question," out of deference to weak brethren; but our own conviction is that there is no question at all in the matter, and that the certainty and readiness with which Mozart could produce his best music (as it appears he could) whenever and wherever called upon, afford evidence of a richer and more robust genius than we detect in the fastidious sensitiveness of Mendelssohn, although it must be said that, at suitable times and places, no musician of our time could improvise with greater effect than Felix Mendelssohn himself. Beethoven, who is said to be the originator of the "poetic basis" school of music, was almost as ready and as indifferent to circumstances in regard to extemporizing as Mozart; the bass part of a quartet, "tossed upside down on the desk" of the piano, was enough on one memorable occasion to give the hint for a performance which caused his popular rival to leave the room and avoid ever meeting him again where they could be brought

into competition. While on the subject of pianoforte playing, it may be observed that the playing of both Mozart and Beethoven was remarked upon by their contemporaries for the unusual strength and brilliancy of the left hand, and that both composers gave evidence of the importance they attached to a good style of manipulation on the instrument. Mozart's references to the mechanical defects and clumsiness of some of the players of his day are frequent and characteristically satirical.

The light thrown upon musical Paris by Mozart's letters during his visit there as a young man in 1778, is amusing enough, considering the noise which had been made there by the Gluck-Piccini feud, started a year or two before; and the evidence which Mozart (who certainly seems to have hated the place) furnishes in regard to the real state of musical culture in the French capital at that time is not without its bearing on the estimate to be formed of Gluck, who made his first marked success there. Mozart's opinions as to the French vocal school of the period are anything but flattering, and his experiences of the estimate in which music was held in French society come out in some very lively and sarcastic comments in various letters. His father wanted him to take every opportunity of waiting on and playing to great people; but, said young Mozart, what is the use of it? The people merely pay you compliments, and all is over. "They ask me to come on this or that day—I play, and then they say, '*Ah, c'est un prodige, c'est inconcevable, c'est étonnant*,'" and then, '*Adieu*.'" We can fancy we hear the cold politeness of the final word. One of the best of Mozart's letters is that in which he describes his visit, through the introduction of Grimm, to the Duchesse de Bourbon; the cold room, the miserable piano, the lady sitting drawing surrounded by her friends, leaving him to play without taking the least apparent notice, till Mozart's patience gave way and he rose when he had half finished the "Fischer Variations,"\* and said he could do himself no justice on so poor an instrument; a piece of meek self-assertion

\* This was a set of variations of his own on a minuet by the oboe-player, Fischer, and appears to have been one of Mozart's most favorite and frequently-used show pieces for some years. There is much grace in some of the variations, but a more old-fashioned style about the whole than is the case with many of his pianoforte compositions. The style of the piece, considered as the show piece of the most brilliant pianist and greatest musician of his day, forms a curious commentary on the progress of pianoforte playing.

which seems to have a little roused the Parisian lady, who persuaded him to resume his playing and sat by him attentively for the rest of the time, "so that I forgot the cold and headache, and played as I am accustomed to play when I am in a good humor."

There is a great deal to interest one, at a time when the *rationale* of stage music is so much discussed, in the accounts of the preparation of Mozart's first two operas of importance, "*Idomeneo*" and "*Il Seraglio*," more especially in his own letters on the subject. The long letter to his father in regard to the production of the latter opera at Vienna is a curious mixture of really thoughtful criticism, sometimes quite modern in tone, with an easy content, in regard to other points, with things as they were. The versification of the libretto, he says, "is none of the best, but it so luckily fell in with some of the musical ideas that were wandering about in my head that it could not but please me . . . and I know that in an opera the poetry must be the obedient daughter of the music."

Why do the Italian comic operas please universally, notwithstanding their miserable *libretti*? Because the music is supreme, and everything is forgotten for it. So much the more, therefore, must an opera please of which the plan is well contrived and the words wholly written for the music, and not for the satisfaction of a miserable rhyme, which in a theatrical representation only does mischief. . . . Verse is indeed indispensable to music, but rhyme, on account of the rhyming, most injurious, etc.

Here he is at all events more consistent than Wagner, who, while claiming the exemption of the music from the bonds of rhythm, has absolutely emphasized the rhythm of the words in his operas by the introduction of a prominent jingle of doggerel rhyme. Another passage in the same letter is so full of musical good sense and so generally applicable that it is worth while to quote it; he has been speaking of the air for Osmin in which the singer's anger is supposed to be represented as continually increasing towards the close of the piece.

The audience will fancy, as the man's anger goes on increasing, that this must be the end of the air, but the *allegro assai*, in another time and key, will just then produce an excellent effect; for, as a man in such a towering passion outsteps all the boundaries of order and moderation, and wholly loses himself in the excess of his feelings, so also must the music. As, however, the passions, whether

violent or otherwise, must never be expressed to disgust, and music, even in the most terrific situations, never give pain to the ear, *but always delight it, and remain music*, I have chosen no very distant key to F, the key of the air; though not the nearest related, D minor, yet the next in succession, A minor.

This passage is an enunciation of general principle in regard to musical expression as true and as well worth bearing in mind as Hamlet's celebrated speech to the players in regard to passionate acting. Its application to much that is produced as music just at present it is hardly necessary to point out.

The marriage of the composer, which took place shortly after the production of the last-named opera, was, as before hinted, an event in which he appears more creditably than any one else concerned. The lady's family were anything but an admirable set of people; and though she seems to have lived on affectionate terms with her husband (judging, at least, from his letters to her), she had incurred a deserved rebuke from him for levity of conduct even before their marriage, and what regard she had to his memory after his death we shall see when we have to refer to the "Requiem." She was apparently a commonplace, rather vulgar-minded lass, with a pretty face and a good voice. It is probable that the domestic circumstances of the composer were not more comfortable or dignified than those of men of genius often are; though there is no evidence of anything like the utter disorder and chaos in which poor Beethoven was often to be found. But we find melancholy intimations of the increasing difficulty and embarrassment which came upon Mozart during the years of married life, increasingly so towards the close of his days. We find letters begging over and over again for the loan of money, generally accompanied by the explanation that it was but for the present that he was in difficulty, as his various works, either published or about to be published, must place him out of the reach of poverty shortly. That he had a very hard part to play is certain, at a time when musicians, even of the highest genius, were so dependent upon the capricious patronage of a very flighty aristocracy, thinking more of its own pleasure than of art, and when men of less independence and dignity of character (for as an artist, at least, Mozart always preserved these qualities) could get bread which was out of the reach of the higher and truer artist. At the same

time it can hardly be questioned, on the evidence before us, that Mozart's difficulties in the latter years of his life arose a great deal from the defects of a character naturally gay, *insouciant*, and pleasure-loving; exactly the sort of character which makes a man a general favorite, but which a committee of the Charity Organization Society would probably have reported as "ineligible for assistance." His power of application and of rapidity of work under occasional impulses was remarkable; witness the composition of the "*Don Giovanni*" overture, and the brief space in which the three great symphonies were written; but it is the old story of the hare and the tortoise. His fitful work could not keep pace with his liabilities; and every now and then he seems to have had pangs of conscience about his want of foresight and prudence, and pathetically promises in his later letters to his wife and others that if he can only get out of these present difficulties they shall never be in so wretched a condition of dependence again. In his earlier days he had written to his father that he would not consent to give lessons — let people who could only play the piano do that, he was meant for a higher place. It is touching to compare with this the postscript of one of his letters to Puchberg in search of pecuniary aid — "Endeavor to make it known that I do not object to giving lessons." And yet at this very time one of his pupils (Kelly) has left it on record that Mozart "would at any time rather play a game at billiards with him than give him a lesson." It is impossible to look harshly on the spectacle of a sensitive man of genius, involved in the sordid difficulties of scarcity of means which are so peculiarly irritating to a proud nature, taking refuge in any dissipation that would distract his mind and make him happy for the moment. He would in all probability have lived regularly enough if he had sooner enjoyed the income which the Kapellmeistership of St. Stephen's would have procured him, and which it is sad to remember he only just lived to bequeath to Albrechtsberger.\* But truth is truth, and one can hardly make a hero of a man who consoled himself under difficulties, which a more prudent way of life might have avoided, by punch and billiards and the

society of such a low rascal as Schickaneder, the *impresario* adventurer, who (besides stealing his works) probably did the composer more harm in other ways than his best friends could undo. Pantomimes and ballets composed by himself, and in which he played a part, and the assumption of harlequinade characters at the carnival balls, were among the amusements of this period of the composer's life; but in regard to another charge against his character, touched on lightly but with evident credence by Holmes, we may probably give Mozart at all events a very large benefit of doubt. One particular intrigue in which he was supposed by Holmes to have been implicated was fastened upon his memory by a misinterpretation, almost absurd in its perversity, of as innocent a begging-letter as was ever penned; and his latest letters to his wife show a spirit of earnest and simple affection which is, to say the least, very much out of keeping with the idea of libertinism and conjugal infidelity.

What concerns us most practically now in regard to Mozart, however, is that among all the failings of the latter part of his life he never allowed his art to sink under the pressure of circumstances; for even his concession to the whims and nonsense of Schickaneder in parts of "*Die Zauberflöte*" was entirely a piece of good-nature towards that scaramouch, who wanted something that would draw all classes and fill the coffers of the theatre; and the composer was none the better off for it. There is good reason to believe — and at all events some one among contemporary publishers told him — that he might have made much more by his compositions if he would have adopted a popular style and written music below his own mark, but which would have had a rapid sale. Considering how often this kind of shop-writing has been done by those who were under less temptation than Mozart, it is to his eternal credit that he never availed himself of this means of coining money, and that the compositions written under his period of greatest distress and anxiety are (excepting those parts of "*Die Zauberflöte*" which, as just observed, were written with a special and perfectly unselfish motive) among his greatest and most elevated works. His immediate loss was to become our gain; and the grateful recognition of his high aims as an artist, under so many temptations and adverse influences, is but the barest justice to his memory.

\* With his characteristic unselfishness, one of his last directions on his death-bed was that his decease might be kept secret for a time from every one but Albrechtsberger, in order that the latter might have the best chance among candidates for the post which would then be vacant.



Though we have not space to touch consecutively, even with the strictest regard to brevity, on all the points of interest in Mozart's musical career, we are tempted to return for a moment to the subject of his operas, and to some of the circumstances of their production, which are vividly characteristic of the musical and social conditions of the times. The greatest of these we have not yet alluded to; but even in regard to "*Idomeneo*," a work somewhat *passé* now, it is interesting to notice into what a state of excitement the production of the new opera threw the connoisseurs and musicians; in regard to the latter, we have one graphic expression from Mozart himself which seems to bring the scene before us at once—how, coming back with his friend Cannabich from the first rehearsal, Madame Cannabich met him at the door and embraced him with delight, and then, he adds, "Ramm (oboe) and Lange (horn) came in *half crazy*," an expression which gives a very real idea of the kind of delight which the members of the orchestra seem to have taken in Mozart's accompaniments, a kind of freshness of enjoyment in the art which hardly seems to be represented in these days, when music is philosophized over with such exceedingly long words and long faces. For the composer's difficulties with his motley but mostly well-meaning group of singers on this occasion—how the first tenor could not have an air in one scene because "it is to thunder, and that will never be heard if Raff sings," and how he had to teach his "*molto amato castrato Del Prato*" the whole opera through—and his really interesting disquisitions upon the æsthetic arrangement of the whole, we must refer the reader to Holmes's pages. "*Le Nozze di Figaro*," which, as regards finish and complete balance of style, is his dramatic masterpiece, considered as a whole (though there is no movement in it equal to the closing scene of "*Don Juan*"), appears to have been a suggestion of the emperor Joseph; and in the story, adapted from Beaumarchais, Mozart had the advantage of a book giving him situations and contrasts of character involving a great deal of real and piquant humor, very suggestive to a composer who had himself such a keen eye for the humorous side of life. What he did with it every one knows now; but we are tempted to quote the little anecdote, old enough, but we suspect not familiar to every one in these days, of the reception at rehearsal

of one scene; our countryman Kelly *loquitur*:—

I remember Mozart was on the stage, with his crimson pelisse and gold-laced cocked hat, giving the time of the music to the orchestra. Figaro's song, "*Non più andrai, farfallone amoro-rosa*," Benucci gave with the greatest animation and power of voice. I was standing close to Mozart, who *sotto voce* was repeating, "Bravo! bravo, Benucci!" and when Benucci came to the fine passage, "*Cherubino, alla vittoria, alla gloria militar*," which he gave out with stentorian lungs, the effect was electricity itself, for the whole of the performers on the stage and those on the orchestra, as if actuated by one feeling of delight, vociferated, "Bravo, bravo, maestro! Viva, viva, grande Mozart!" Those in the orchestra, I thought, would never have ceased applauding by beating the bows of their violins against the music-desks. The little man acknowledged, by repeated obeisances, his thanks for the distinguished mark of enthusiastic applause bestowed upon him.

It may be very foolish, but we confess we can never read this little incident, though familiar to us from childhood, without a thrill of excitement. What a piquant little bit of theatre history it is, and how graphically told; how we realize Mozart's personality as the "little man in the cocked hat," listening in ill-suppressed excitement to the admirable interpretation of his music, and sympathize with the outburst of enthusiasm at the close! Why, says the philosophical critic, who believes dramatic music to have a mission (with a large M), should we attach any importance to a mere piece of mock bravado sung by a butler to the page and the lady's maid? Why, it may be answered, should we read over and over again with fresh delight the talk and jokes of some careless revellers in a tavern? Because, when transmitted to us by Shakespeare, we find they represent in perfection one side of human character, in the shape of humor which we feel to be typical of its kind, and completely true to nature and to the special persons and scenes represented; and what is true to nature and to human character always retains its hold on our interest. Mozart in this admirable scene has realized the perfection of humor, of that best and most subtle type of which it may be said that we hardly know whether to regard it as jest or earnest; whether to be inspired by the martial strain of the march movement at the close of Figaro's air, or to laugh at the oddly assorted trio as they march off to the measure of the tune. As a master of comedy Mozart stands in some parts of this opera almost on a level with Shake-



speare; and just as Falstaff and Prince Hal fill a larger space in our literature than Milton's archangels, so we may predict that Mozart's butler and page and waiting-maid will outlast Wagner's gods and goddesses, and even the singing dragon.

"*Don Giovanni*," which will always remain the most fascinating and typical effort of Mozart's dramatic genius, arose, like so many great works, almost out of an accident. The success of "*Figaro*" at Prague, and the *furor* excited there by the presence and the pianoforte performances of the composer in that town, led him one day to say to the manager of the theatre there that, as the Bohemians understood him so well, he really thought he ought to write an opera on purpose for them. The manager wisely booked him on the spot, and he had recourse to the eccentric poet Da Ponte, who had fabricated the libretto of "*Figaro*," and who, for some reason, had just been taken with the old story of the libertine and the avenging statue, which seems to have seized on Mozart's fancy with the same fascination which it has had for so many thousands in so many generations. The stern Beethoven called it, indeed, a "scandalous" subject, degrading to the art of music; but few will agree with him as to the subject, however weak we may think Da Ponte's libretto in detail. By its original projectors it was, in fact, propounded as an opera with a moral purpose — its second title was, "*Il Dissoluto punito*;" but even apart from the moral and the avenging statue, there is in the mere figure of the reckless and daring libertine something with which one cannot but sympathize. It is worth while, in contrast with Beethoven's view of the subject (which may, it is true, have been expressed only in one of his "moods"), to notice the way in which it impressed two such opposite men of intellect as Dr. Strauss and De Musset: the former has left on record the interest with which this opera always impressed him, as the spectacle of the ruin of a human character through the misuse of "the most beautiful impulse of our nature;" the French poet, in a far wilder strain of feeling, has expressed what so many will understand as to the fascination of the character, in some stanzas in his "*Namouna*," a poem not *virginibus puerisque* certainly, but well worth looking at in connection with the subject. The circumstances of the composition of the opera seem as oddly out of keeping with its fame as the acci-

dental nature of its origin. When Mozart set off for his second visit to Prague with the object of superintending the production of the new opera, not a note of the music was upon paper; and it is on record that most of it was written at his friend Dussek's, with whom he stayed, in the midst of noise and company, sometimes during games at bowls, in which the composer took his turn with the rest, and went on with his writing in the mean time.\* Holmes notes that the original score is written on various kinds of paper, apparently the first that came to hand. The characteristic overture, so happily expressive of the contrasts of feeling and situation in the opera, was begun the midnight before the day of the first representation, the composer being kept awake by punch and his wife's conversation, and finishing the MS. for the copyists at seven in the morning. At night the audience were kept waiting three-quarters of an hour for the parts, and the overture was played without a rehearsal. The scrap way in which the music was written is amusingly illustrated by the story of Mozart bringing to the orchestra the drum and trumpet parts for the second finale, which he had written out on separate pieces of paper without reference to the rest of the score, trusting to his memory, only cautioning the players to be careful at one point, as he believed there were "four bars either too few or too many." The production of the opera is not without its stage anecdotes, one among others as to the characteristic way which Mozart took of teaching the Zerlina to put life into her part; she would not scream with sufficient energy in the ball-room scene, where she is assaulted by Don Giovanni, so the composer waited behind her till the right moment, and then laid hold of her so forcibly and suddenly that she shrieked in earnest, and was politely told "that was the way to do it" — a story which reminds one of Handel's autocratic dealings with his lady singers.

The production of "*Die Zauberflöte*" (to digress for a moment from "*Don Giovanni*") furnishes a more singular contrast of cause and effect than even its predecessor. Here was the greatest mu-

\* Mozart, in his interesting letter to "Baron V ——" about his own methods of composition, alludes to his power of composing in the midst of company, and even talking himself, though, as he says, "only about fowls and geese, or Gretel and Bärbel, or some such matters." Our own Jane Austen furnishes a parallel instance; her exquisitely finished novels were written in the general sitting-room of the house, amidst the conversation of children and visitors.

sician of his day consenting to set the silliest of stories in such a manner as to satisfy the ideas of a needy manager as to what would best fill all parts of the house, altering or rewriting whole movements to please this man, descending to something very like musical claptrap to catch the gallery, and consoling himself (for that was part of the stipulation) by lavishing on certain scenes some of his grandest and noblest music. The result is a medley such as never was made by a great musician, and which seems like a mingling of church services with excerpts from a pantomime. Still more curious is the interest which Mozart seems to have taken in this ill-judged venture, and one incident as related by himself is too characteristic of the childlike side of his nature to be omitted; it is in a letter to his wife, where he mentions having particularly enjoyed the opera one evening from a box close to the orchestra, and then —

I went behind the scenes when Papageno's air accompanied by bells began, feeling such a strong impulse to play the bells myself for once. I played them a capital trick, for at Schickaneder's pause I made an arpeggio; he started, looked behind the scenes, and saw me. The second time the pause came I did nothing, when he waited and would not proceed. I guessed what he wanted, and played a chord. He then struck the bells and said, "Hold your tongue!" which made everybody laugh. I believe it was owing to this joke that many learned for the first time that Schickaneder did not play the bells himself.

There is something almost grotesque in this musical joke, the whim of a moment of high spirits, coming down to us as a bit of biographical history; and it furnishes an amusing commentary on Nohl's remark that "the strains of the '*Zauberflöte*' already breathed an elevation of soul scarcely in harmony with an earthly existence. His soul was entirely absorbed by heavenly things." Poor Mozart! The composer's too good-natured compliance with the tastes of Papageno-Schickaneder revenged itself upon him, in going far to deprive his last opera of the place which the great things in it must have insured for it on the lyric stage, had they not been weighted by inferior music and a nonsensical libretto. It may be thought that the libretto does not stand alone in deserving this epithet, which might perhaps be applied pretty safely to opera books generally, when considered in detail at all events.

But "*Don Giovanni*" stands on a very different footing in this respect. The

characters in it are essentially human and representative of typical elements in real life: the handsome libertine; the officious servant, too cowardly to be a thorough villain; the deserted wife; the high-born lady and her lovers; the peasant lovers, with their mixture of rustic affection for each other and respect for the great man — all these are characters which may exist and have existed; and though nothing could be more commonplace than their development in the text, Mozart's characterization of them in music raises them to quite a different sphere, and gives to their play and contrast much of the importance and interest of Shakespearian drama. Then he was peculiarly fortunate in finding in the animated statue an element of the supernatural (so suitable to opera) which is nevertheless allied with human feeling and interest; it is not a dragon or a vague monster we care not for, it is the spirit of the murdered father who died in avenging the insult to his daughter. The intensely individualized feeling and dramatic power which are imparted to the various characters can hardly be too highly estimated: Elvira is perhaps the one exception; she is not made interesting, and her air of complaint against her lot (written for the third act, but now generally transferred to the first) is too equable in style and deficient in passion — too much like a mere show air. But in the music of the other personages what lifelike variety of character painting there is! how impudent and swaggering is Leporello's first air; how mischievously impertinent that in which he recounts to Elvira the list of her husband's amours, where even the violins in the accompaniment seem to twitch at the lady's dress to compel her attention; how fresh and innocent the peasants' dance music, and how touching and how true to nature is Zerlina's part in that now hackneyed duet with her would-be seducer, fluttering like a captured bird at the plaintive phrase, "*presto non son più forte*." And so we might go on noticing one passage after another in which human weakness and passion and humor are expressed to the life, till we come to the famous supper scene, where these various phases of feeling are so admirably drawn together and contrasted: the gay enjoyment of the voluptuary, the grotesque humor of the valet, the upbraiding of Elvira (who, however, is here again much weaker in expression than the other personages — she never seems to have interested the composer), the reckless defiance of Don Gio-

vanni's final hymn (as Baudelaire would have called it) to love and wine, and then the ghastly shadow which the coming spectre throws before him, so to speak, over the scene, the moment of fright and confusion, followed by the tremendous voice of the avenger and the conflict of will between him and his victim. One can hardly imagine that this scene can ever grow old or cease to thrill the listener; and be it observed once more that all this emphatic character painting which gives the interest to the opera is Mozart's, and his alone; the mere bald outline and commonplace language of the libretto would be nothing, would leave us perfectly cold; it is Mozart who warms it into life, and puts color and passion and humor into it by his musical expression. Even the fooling of Leporello in the earlier part of the scene has its value in giving that sharp sense of contrast in which Shakespeare was such a master, and the effect of the conflict between Don Giovanni and the statue is greatly enhanced by that one trembling, hurried exclamation of the valet, "*dite di no, dite di no,*" the tenor of which is so admirably expressed in the very notes to which it is set. The more we think of all the varied human feeling portrayed in the work, the more astonished we are at the idea that the man who was capable of this should ever have been set down as a mere maker of "tone-play." Of his genius as an instrumental composer a word may be said separately, but in considering his two principal operas, and the last-named more especially, we feel that there is truth in Nohl's remark that Mozart shared with Shakespeare and other great poets those keen perceptions that penetrate to the groundwork of life ("*jener Blick, der auf den Grund des Lebens schaut*").

Which latter remark, we may say, is about the only good one we have stumbled upon in the work in question. Why this very weak book should have been translated into English, when we had such a far better biography of the composer in our own language, it is impossible to say; why Nohl should have written it he tells us, with perhaps more candor than he was himself aware of, in his preface, which amounts to saying, almost in so many words, that he was dissatisfied with Jahn for presenting only a correct life of Mozart in regard to facts, and that he wanted one with some sentiment in it, and set about to use Jahn's facts as the basis for his own sentiment. Certainly we have seldom turned over a book which so often

provoked us to the utterance of that brief criticism on "sentiments" which forms the parting salute to Joseph Surface on his final exit. As a specimen of the twaddle the author is capable of, after mentioning Leopold Mozart's advice to his wife and daughter not to buy cheap clothes, as they were no real economy, and his consolatory reflection in regard to the masquerade dresses purchased in Italy, that they "may be made use of for many purposes, especially for linings," he proceeds in the next paragraph: "It was only by such principles as these that this man could accomplish what all the world now thanks him for—the education of a Mozart." In his preface he compares Mozart to Wagner, as the German master who first pointed out to the nation the prize that awaited her if she would remain true to her own individuality, and on page 37 he draws special attention to Mozart's strong wish to revisit Italy, and the important result which Italian music had upon his own work in developing the element of melody in it. The latter is quite true, but both statements could not be so. He relates that Mozart wrote his D-minor quartett while his wife was expecting her first *accouchement*, and observes that any one can perceive (from the music) under what circumstances it was composed. His lucid reference to the history of the "Requiem" is that as Mozart did not finish the work, and yet a complete score was sent to Count Walsegg, who had commissioned it, a violent controversy as to its genuineness arose (he does not say between whom), "which was only put an end to by the discovery of the facts we have stated," not a single fact bearing on the explanation of the mystery being stated at all, and the name of Süssmayer not even mentioned. The translation is in point of general style as good as the work was worth; it is, however, the translator who is responsible for the perpetual repetition of the foolish expression "our maestro," which occurs more often than we could count, sometimes twice or thrice on one page. The musical blunders of the translation are astounding. Mozart's most popular symphony is described as the "symphony in E sharp," an expression which ingeniously includes three mistakes in one word—as to the German key-nomenclature, as to the real key of the work, and as to the utter impossibility of such a key signature as "E sharp" having been ever used by Mozart, or (we should hope) by any one else. It is not a clerical error,

for it is repeated twice, and in another place we find reference to the "quartett in D sharp," which is Lady Wallace's way of translating "*D dur*" (D major). It will interest historians of music to find that these extreme keys were in common use in Mozart's time. Even better than this is the translation of Sarti's sarcasm about the quartett in C, where Sarti is made to say that "only a pianist could be so ignorant as not to know the difference between D sharp and E sharp," which is not only nonsense in itself, but misses the very point of the sarcasm, which the translator evidently does not understand. What Sarti really said was that it was "only a pianist who would confound D sharp and E flat" ("*Der dis und es nicht zu unterscheiden wisse*"), the implied taunt being that Mozart, as a pianoplayer, took his ideas of harmony from the keyboard, where D sharp and E flat are represented by the same key, and not from the theory of music, in which they are different both in harmonic relation and in actual pitch. Sarti's apostrophe, which is given in the same paragraph, "Could any one do more to cause music to sound discordant?" is also translated wrong; what he said was, "Could any one do more to put professors out of tune?" in which there is special reference to the difficulties of correct intonation in string playing in such a passage: Nohl gives the sentence correctly. In short, we can only say that if Lady Wallace means to translate any more musical works she would do well to learn at least the rudiments of musical theory first; no one has any right to come before the public as translator of such a book without sufficient musical knowledge to keep clear of such absurd mistakes as these.

We referred incidentally just now to the history of the composition of the "Requiem." Upon this point Holmes's original work is as deficient as Nohl's, not from carelessness, but because the information now collected and published was not then so accessible, and probably Holmes's strong admiration for the work led him to underrate the weight of even that testimony which was accessible to him. This is not strange, since facts which have long been familiar to the musical world of Germany are still ignored and overlooked in England, where the "Requiem" is performed without note or comment to indicate its real history,\* and

believed in with that unquestioning faith so characteristic of the English habit of mind in these matters, which dislikes the trouble of being disturbed in, or forced to reconsider the grounds of, its worship of any favorite idol. Those who care to put themselves in possession of the leading facts in this curious history can now easily do so by procuring Dr. Pole's little book, the result of much careful and painstaking investigation, the conclusions from which are given in the most logical and clear manner, and embody perhaps the most extraordinary story ever heard of in connection with a musical composition, and one which really has all the interest of a romance. Most people have heard of the strange and, as Mozart thought, mysterious manner in which the commission for the "Requiem" was given to him by a messenger from an unknown person concerning whom he was forbidden to enquire—a circumstance which naturally made a sinister impression on the mind of the composer, ill in health and harassed as he was at the time. Probably comparatively few of our musical public, however, are aware even now of the prosaic issue of the story, and that it was merely the trick of an amateur pretender to genius who had a habit of passing off the compositions of others as his own. It is curious that Holmes does not seem to have known the name of this person (Count Walsegg), though it was known to many in Germany long before his book was written; he does not give it, as he would almost certainly have done had he known it. Mr. Prout adds an appendix to the "Life," giving a sufficient *résumé* of the main facts of the story as now known. Dr. Pole has (very judiciously for the interest of his readers) arranged his story so as to unfold the facts in the order in which they came to light, keeping back the whole revelation till its actual place at the close of the story. We may just run over the main facts, referring the reader to Dr. Pole's pages for details and proofs. The mystification of which the "Requiem" was destined to be the subject commences from the very earliest moment of its existence, for the opening movement is dated in Mozart's own writing "1792" (the year after his death). What happened after his death was briefly this: Mozart had not composed or at least written out any of the "Requiem" far-

\* We may here protest also against the continued republication of a certain popular work as "Mozart's Twelfth Mass," though it has long been known that

there is no external evidence to connect it with Mozart, and very strong internal evidence against his authorship of music mostly so shallow and unworthy of him.

ther than the first eight bars of the *Lacrymosa*, and here was the widow in straightened circumstances, and a valuable musical property, for which part of the price had been paid, and the remainder might be confidently looked for from an evidently wealthy client (for he had voluntarily promised an increase of Mozart's original terms) lying incomplete. Accordingly she went to Herr Eybler, an able musician of the day, and obtained from him a signed undertaking to finish the "Requiem," begun by "her late husband," by the middle of the ensuing Lent, and to let no copy pass into other hands; this is dated December 21, 1791, about a fortnight after the composer's death; it was the latest of all the pieces of evidence that came to light, but we are giving the facts now in their actual order. In going to Eybler the widow was, in the first instance, neglecting the wishes of her husband, almost whose last words on his deathbed were to charge his friend and pupil Süßmayer with the completion of the work. There is evidence that Eybler made some sort of attempt to fill in Mozart's outlines in the original score, but for whatever cause he fortunately abandoned the task, and Madame Mozart was compelled at last to fall back upon Süßmayer, the only man who really had some data to go upon in his knowledge of Mozart's intentions communicated by the composer himself. He accordingly filled in the instrumental portions of the movements of which Mozart had written only the voice parts with a few indications of the figures and instrumentation of the accompaniment (the first two movements alone having been entirely completed by Mozart); and his handwriting being naturally very like Mozart's, perhaps from the mere fact of his working with the great composer so much,\* he had no difficulty in producing a very successful imitation of it. This score went off to Count Walsegg, who at once made a copy of it in his own writing, impudently heading it, "*Requiem composto dal Conte Walsegg*," and keeping the Mozart-Süßmayer score carefully locked up; the latter was sold with his other music, and is now in the Imperial Library at Vienna. The widow, who had retained a copy, seems now to have considered how else she could further turn it to account, and sold MS. copies right and left, having already le-

gally parted with her property in it to Count Walsegg. Holmes incidentally refers to the lady as being "as unskilled as her husband in business;" but, though her letters are written in a vague shambling style worthy of Mrs. Tulliver, her eye to business seems to have been only too keen. She at last concluded to offer the work for publication to Breitkopf and Härtel, who, however, heard some rumor about Mozart not having finished the work, and wrote to Süßmayer, who replied in a letter both candid and modest, and which is highly creditable to him, though it is difficult to understand how he came to be silent for so long both before and after on the matter, unless the widow had some hold over him that we do not know of. He made the statement we have already made as to the portion of the work which was his, observing that he owed too much to Mozart to silently allow work of his own, which must be so inferior, to be given out as Mozart's, but that the composer had conversed with him on the development of the work, and communicated to him the principal features, and he trusted that in what he had done some traces of the great composer's never-to-be-forgotten teaching were apparent. Breitkopf and Härtel, apparently equally desirous to act honestly in the matter, published Süßmayer's letter in the *Allgemeine musikalische Zeitung*, though they obviously did not give full credit to his claims. One result of the publication was that the titled charlatan who had secured the first score and had actually had it openly performed as his own in places not many miles from Vienna, forgot his prudence so far as to demand, through his legal agent, an explanation, complaining that he had been cheated in paying for Mozart, and apparently not getting him, and there was actually an interview between the count's and the widow's agents, at which the portions due to Süßmayer were pointed out to the former, who professed himself content. After this the matter only excited occasional talk till 1825, when Gottfried Weber, an eminent musician and critic, having had his attention specially turned to requiems in general and to Mozart's in particular, startled the musical world by an article in his journal (the *Cæcilia*), in which the "Requiem" was declared to be quite unworthy of Mozart, and the theory suggested that Süßmayer probably wrote all or nearly all of it, and that the whole had been an adroit attempt to acquire fame for his work under cover of

\* When Mozart went to Prague, to produce "*La Clemenza di Tito*," for instance, he took Süßmayer with him almost in the position of *collaborateur*, the latter being entrusted with all the recitative dialogue.



Mozart's name. This gave rise to a storm of controversy in which nearly every eminent musician of the day took part, even up to Beethoven (the last person in the world to have formed a cool judgment on such a point), from whom there is extant a short, highly characteristic letter, quite ignoring the arguments either way, but bristling with personal *animus* against Weber, whom he had his reasons for disliking. It is impossible here to touch upon even the salient points of this extensive controversy, for further account of which we must refer the reader to Dr. Pole's pages; we may mention in passing the extraordinary fact of the publication, in 1828, of the new biography of Mozart, by Nissen, Madame Mozart's second husband, without the slightest reference to the controversy or to the questions as to the authenticity of the "Requiem;" an omission which must, of course, have been intentional. The next step in the story, some time subsequent, was the announcement in the *Musikalische Zeitung*, in 1839, of the discovery of the complete score in Mozart's own handwriting (this being the Mozart Süßmayer score originally sent to Count Walsegg and carefully kept out of sight by him during his lifetime), and the formation of a committee of musical experts to examine it. The majority of this committee were in favor of Mozart, on the evidence of the handwriting; the minority pointed out minute but important differences in certain notes and letters between the admittedly genuine and the suspected portions, which led to a search for other MSS. by Süßmayer, the collation of which, when found, showed the most extraordinary similarity to Mozart's handwriting, accompanied, however, by exactly the same minute differences observable in the suspected parts of the "Requiem" score. The result was a last (almost hopeless) appeal to the widow, who now, in her old age, seemed to think there was nothing more to be gained by concealing the truth, and said, "If the score is finished it is *not* by Mozart, for he did not finish it," the remainder of her letter vaguely attesting the general correctness of Süßmayer's claims. This, with the circumstantial evidence, settled the matter.

Are we, then, to conclude that in listening to some of what have been among the favorite movements of Mozart's "Requiem" we are hearing only the work of a composer of lower rank, none of whose admitted works have survived? Not

necessarily. What we now know, as positively as written and circumstantial evidence can prove anything, is, which parts of the score Mozart actually *wrote* and which he did not, and these are distinguished from Süßmayer's by the letters "M" and "S" in the new Leipzig edition. But we are still left with the not only possible but probable conclusion that in parts which are entirely written by Süßmayer he was nevertheless working upon ideas which he had derived from Mozart. Mr. McFarren, whose opinion is entitled to great deference, refuses credence altogether to the evidence, and observes *inter alia* that the first seventeen bars of the voice parts of the *Lachrymosa* form a complete and connected idea, and must have been by the same hand. With all respect for so high an authority, we cannot discover any such necessary continuity as to invalidate the positive testimony that Mozart's work stopped at the eighth bar of the movement, where there is a half close. A good deal of the scepticism in regard to the subject has arisen from the notion that Süßmayer was a mere nonentity; but there is plenty of evidence that he was more than this. He wrote works which enjoyed high repute in their own day, and had lived in such close artistic relations with Mozart that he might well have caught some of the inspiration of the great composer. Our impression as to the later movements is that Süßmayer probably wrote the *Sanctus* with the recollection of Mozart's ideas or suggestions; \* that the *Benedictus* may have been entirely his in melody and design as well as execution — beautiful as it is, it differs perceptibly from Mozart's style and execution; but that the *Agnus Dei*, so original, so unusual in treatment, and so reminding us, in the instrumental score, of the spirit of passages in "*Don Giovanni*," must have been Mozart's in idea, and that Süßmayer merely expanded it and put it into connected form. However these things may be, we have every reason to be glad that, as Mozart incontestably did not complete his last and in some respects most elevated work, its completion should (in accordance with his own wish) have fallen into the hands of the only person who had the data and the

\* What was that effect of the drums which the dying composer tried to indicate to Süßmayer? Might it not have been that very "rush" of the drums on the four short notes, ending on a long one on the bar-accent, which is so fine a feature in the accompaniment of the *Sanctus*?



ability to complete it in a suitable spirit, and to render it the beautiful whole which it now is.

And what are we to say as to that brief but comprehensive judgment which Hiller the elder inscribed on his copy of the "Requiem" score, and with which Dr. Pole concludes his interesting essay: "*Opus summum, viri summi*"? In regard to the first half of the sentence, the portions of the "Requiem" which are unquestionably Mozart's may be held to bear it out, at all events in comparison with his other choral and vocal works; he has never elsewhere risen so high in grandeur and pathos of expression, combined with perfectly balanced musical form. The "*vir summi*" we can hardly, however, accept *sans phrase*, though we should by no means share the opinion that many readers of the present day would no doubt be ready to express, that it is extravagant praise. Let us distinguish a little. There is no deceased composer concerning whom there are at present such different opinions expressed by professed musical critics, and such misapprehensions entertained by the less informed. We have on the one side such bombast as that with which Nohl concludes his book, describing Mozart as a man "to whom it was given to link together the godlike with humanity, the mortal with the immortal," and who, "amid all his lofty aims, esteemed the loftiest of all to be the elevation of humanity:" a character which one hardly knows whether to laugh at or to sigh over, in comparison with the biography which it closes. On the other hand, we have the criticism of Wagner and his scribes, who regard Mozart as merely a necessary link in the development of an art at that time imperfect, a contriver of "tone-play" in which beauty alone was aimed at without moral meaning; and we have the analyses of concert programmes in which Mozart is patted on the back, and his symphonies dismissed with a kind of "Really, how very nice it is, after all!" and set down as quite inferior to Schubert; and then we have such nonsense as was introduced into a leading article on Moore in the *Athenæum* the other day, in which Mozart was spoken of as a genius analogous to Tom Moore! Could anything more pathetically exemplify the hopeless fatuity of the average English literary mind in regard to music? For the benefit of such people, let it here be at least explained that this musician, whom they seem to regard as a writer of pretty songs, possessed a

scientific power over musical materials and musical construction equalled only by that of Bach, and hardly surpassed by him; that his own interest and sympathy was always with the highest and severest forms of the art, his own favorite amusement the extemporizing of fugues and fugued fantasias, his own favorite instrument the organ, upon which, though with no opportunity for acquiring great mechanical skill, he played so that musicians who remembered Bach's playing declared that they "could have believed old Bach had risen from the grave;" and that as regards mastery over the higher forms of musical composition Schubert was a mere child in comparison with him. Nothing, in fact, is more characteristic of the slipshod and thoughtless musical criticism of the day in England, than the manner in which the ill-constructed and rambling rhapsodies which Schubert called "symphonies" have been revived and put up as things worthy to be ranked with the works of the great masters of this highest and most ambitious form of instrumental music. The truth of the matter in regard to Mozart's standing among his great compeers may be said to be this: the judgment which has called him *vir summus* is justifiable in this respect, that he achieved a more complete balance of style, a more complete blending of qualities often supposed to be incompatible, a more complete perception of the relation of the means to the end, than any other great composer has habitually realized. Beethoven has exhibited the same completeness and balance of form and style in some of his works, but hardly in those which on general grounds would be considered his greatest or most characteristic productions. Mozart in his operas absolutely blent the elements of Italian melody and of German scientific construction into a form so complete and apparently spontaneous that all sense of nationality is lost (as in the highest art it should be), and the style of the music seems a natural outgrowth of the conditions of abstract beauty and fitness in musical form. It is just this cosmopolitan character in his art which makes him obnoxious to the modern Teutonic school of musicians and critics, whose tone reminds one of the man whom Heine met at some gathering of his dear countrymen, who told him that "at this German meeting must the German German speak." In his three leading symphonies we find the same complete finish and balance of power, the same precise sense of propor-

tion and scale, and of the relation of the means to the end. Even apart from this, two of these symphonies (the C and the G minor) contain things which not even Beethoven's highest efforts can be said to have surpassed as musical composition. It would be impossible to find anywhere in music more perfect beauty, without spot or stain, than in the slow movement of the symphony in C, or a nobler and more calm serenity than breathes to us in that second subject of the first movement, where, after the pause of the whole orchestra, there breaks upon us that melody for the violins in octaves which seems to come fresh to us, every time we hear it, from some blissful region above the reach of all human sorrow and decay. And certainly, speaking relatively, we may say that no musician has ever achieved such passionate expression with so few notes and instruments as Mozart in the first movement of the G-minor symphony; no composer ever had more right to say, as he did in answer to the emperor's criticism on one of his operas as having "too many notes," "There are just as many notes, your Majesty, as there ought to be;" no one ever achieved, on such a scale, the feat which he did in the *finale* of the symphony in C, of producing a movement of the most complicated and scientific construction, in which nevertheless the idea of science and of complication is never present to the listener, and the whole sounds as spontaneous and unhampered in effect as if it were a mere outpouring of simple melody. Then what is the other side to all this? for we have hinted already that there is one. It is that Mozart's genius, as known to us in his published works, does fall under that limitation which is often found accompanying the most perfect artistic balance in painter, poet, and musician; exactly that kind of limitation which is so admirably described and analyzed in Mr. Browning's poem, "Andrea del Sarto." Life is many-sided but imperfect, and a perfectly balanced art is apt to fall short in the intensity of expression which the representation of the most poignant and passionate moments of human emotion demands. We do not say that Mozart never realizes the highest intensity of emotion — there are moments when he reaches it, but they are, comparatively speaking, few. We hear his *andante* from the symphony in C, and we see a face of the most calm and perfect beauty; we hear the *allegretto* of Beethoven's Seventh Symphony, and we are con-

scious of a passionate cry from the depths of the human heart. And if we compare them in their gayer moods, the *finale* of Beethoven's Eighth Symphony is to that of Mozart's in E flat as a bacchanalian orgy compared with a gay and merry *fête champêtre*. Mozart is the more perfect artist, but Beethoven is the more intense and passionate poet, and human nature has answered to his call. But even admitting this limitation in Mozart's power of emotional expression, we must make two very large allowances in regard to him. If we remember how many of his works were produced under very disadvantageous circumstances, and hampered by the imperfect capacities of his executants, and if we consider what is said of the effect of his extempore playing, we may well imagine that if we could have had crystallized for us what Mozart played on the organ and pianoforte when pleasing only himself and listeners of the highest order, we might find that he came closer to Beethoven on the pianoforte, and was more near surpassing Bach on the organ, than his engraved music gives us any adequate idea of; and if, secondly, we take into account the fact of his early death, that he had been all his life harassed and in difficulty, and if we bear in mind that he was steadily rising in his art up to his last moment, and that the portions of his last work which he completed are the highest and most serious in spirit of all that he ever wrote, we may be disposed to think that, could he have had the twenty years more of life which were allotted to Beethoven, with the competency and freedom from care which had been insured to him, unhappily, just too late, he might very possibly have earned the name not only of the most perfect, but the greatest of musical composers.

---

## HE THAT WILL NOT WHEN HE MAY.

BY MRS. OLIPHANT.

### CHAPTER IX.

"THEY'RE talking over old days," Mrs. Lenny had said three or four times before the gentlemen appeared. What could be more natural? No doubt they had gone from recollection to recollection: "Do you remember" this and that, and "what happened to" so-and-so. It was very easy to imagine what they were talking about, and how they got led on from one subject to another. They were heard talking,

when they at last appeared, all the way up the long drawing-room, pausing at the door.

"All died out, I believe," Colonel Lenny was saying. "The last son lost his children one after another, and died himself at the last, broken-hearted, poor man! The daughters were all scattered—but Katey knows more about them than I do."

"I am really afraid to ask any more questions," Sir William said. "What more natural?"

"Yes, my dear lady," Colonel Lenny resumed, taking his old place beside Lady Markham; "we have been making the most of our time, for it is very likely we may have letters to-morrow, my wife and I, summoning us away. I don't like it, and neither will she, and perhaps we may have another day, but I scarcely think it likely. I don't know how we're to drag ourselves away. You have been kinder than any one ever was; and the children have got a hold of my old heart, bless them!"

The colonel had genuine tears in his eyes.

"Lenny will tell you what I propose," said Sir William on the other side. "It is not an easy position. I have always thought myself quite sure—quite free of responsibility, and now to be pulled up all at once; and when I think of my own boys—"

"Your own boys?" said Mrs. Lenny, raising herself very erect in her chair. "Oh, I feel for you—I feel for you, Will; but if you put the least bit of a slur on my sister or her child—"

"Don't make it worse," he said, throwing up his hand. "I throw a slur! You know I never thought of anything so impossible—it is impossible; but how could I think of him as mine? Adoption has its rights—but Lenny will tell you what I propose."

A short time after there were affectionate good-nights between the ladies. Lady Markham accompanied Mrs. Lenny to her room to see that she had everything she could desire.

"I am so sorry you must go to-morrow," she said, half out of politeness, but with a little mixture of truth, for there was something in the genial warmth of the strange couple which touched her heart.

"My dear, it's just possible we may have another day," said the old campaigner.

The mother and daughter had a harmless little laugh together over Mrs. Lenny's "evening body," but they agreed that

"papa's old friends" were real friends, and adopted them with cordiality though amusement.

"She asked me a great deal about the family and about Paul," Alice said as they separated.

"No letter again to-day," said Lady Markham, with a sigh.

That name subdued their smiles. To think he should be the best beloved, yet so careless of their happiness!

"He is so forgetful," they both said.

And with this so common family sigh, not any present or pressing trouble, only a fear, an anticipation, a doubt what to-morrow might bring forth, the doors of the peaceful chambers closed, and night and quiet settled down on the silent house.

No one knew, however, that the night was not so silent as it appeared. Sir William, of course, was left in his library when all the rest of the world went to bed. It was his habit. He wrote his letters, or he "got up" those questions which were always arising, and which every statesman has to know; or perhaps he only dozed in his great chair; but anyhow, it was his habit to sit up later than all the rest of the household, putting out his lamp himself when he went to bed. This night, however, after midnight, when all was still, there was a mysterious conference held in the library. Mrs. Lenny came down the great staircase in her stockings not to make a noise. "I wouldn't disturb that pretty creature, not for the world," she said. "I wouldn't let her know there was a mystery, not for any thing you would give me." And she spoke in a whisper during the course of the prolonged discussion, though Lady Markham was on the upper floor in the other side of the house, and safe in bed. It was Colonel Lenny who was the most stubborn of the conspirators. He spoke of right and justice with such eloquence that his wife was proud of him, even though it was she eventually who put him down, and stopped his argument. It was almost morning—a faint blueness of the new day striking in through all the windows and betraying them, when the Lennys, with their shoes in their hands, stole up-stairs to bed. It would have been strange indeed if some conscientious domestic had not seen this very strange proceeding in the middle of the night; but if they did so, they kept the fact to themselves. Sir William took no such precautions. He shut the heavy door of the library almost ostentatiously, awaking all the silent echoes, and went up the

great staircase with his candle in his hand. The rising blueness, however, cast a strange, almost ghastly look upon his face, doing away with the candle. He had told his wife that he had brought some papers from town that had to be attended to, and which had to be sent back to town by next morning's post.

Next morning the Lennys appeared at the breakfast-table in travelling-garb, ready to go away. Mrs. Lenny had put on her pink bonnet not to lose time.

"Have you had your letters?" Lady Markham said, astonished.

"No, my dear, we have had no letters; that was to be the sign if we were wanted," Mrs. Lenny said.

Sir William did not say a word. He did not join in the regret expressed by all the rest, or in the invitations proffered.

"You must come back—promise us that you will come back," the children cried; but their father maintained a steady silence which discouraged his wife.

The whole family accompanied the travellers to the door to see them drive away.

"I hope we shall see you again," Lady Markham said; then added, oppressed by her husband's silence, "when you come this way."

"My dear lady," said the colonel, kissing her hand like a Frenchman, "I shall never forget your kindness, nor my wife either; but most likely we shall never pass this way again. There is nothing in the world I should like better; but I don't know if it is to be desired."

"God bless you!" said Mrs. Lenny, taking both Lady Markham's hands, "it's not at all to be desired. Once for old friendship's sake is very well. But if I ever come here again it will not be as an old friend, but for love of you."

"That is the best reason of all," Lady Markham said, with her beautiful smile. And she stood there waving her pretty hand to the strange couple as they drove down the avenue. Mrs. Lenny's pink bonnet made a dotted line of color all the way as she bobbed it out of the carriage window in perpetual farewells. This made the young ones laugh, though they had been near crying. Sir William alone said nothing. He had gone in again at once when the carriage left the door.

It was that very evening, however, that the letters arrived which cast the family into so great a commotion and obliterated all recollection of the Lennys. It had pleased Lady Markham that her husband, of himself, had begun to speak of Paul the next time they met after the departure

of their guests. There was a certain tenderness in his tone, a something which was quite unusual. "Have you heard from him lately?" he asked with some anxiety, "poor boy!" This was so unusual that Lady Markham would not spoil so excellent a disposition by any complaint of Paul's irregularity in his correspondence. She replied that she had heard—not very long ago; that he was still in Oxford; that she hoped he would return for Alice's birthday, which was approaching. Sir William did not say any more then, but he spoke of Paul again at luncheon, saying—"Poor fellow!" this time. "He has very good abilities if he would only make the right use of them," he said.

"Oh, William!" cried Lady Markham, "he is still so young; why should not he make very good use of them yet? We were not so very wise at his age."

"That is true. I was not at all wise at his age—poor Paul!" his father said.

The ladies were quite cheered by this exhibition of interest in Paul, who had not been, they felt, so good or submissive to his father as it was right for a young man to be. "He is letting his heart speak at last," Lady Markham said when she was alone with her daughter; "he is longing to see his boy, and oh, Alice! so am I."

"May I write to him," cried Alice eagerly, "and tell him he is to come home?"

They talked this over all the afternoon. Paul had not listened to any of their previous entreaties, but perhaps now, if he were told how his father had melted, if he knew how everybody was longing for him!

There were two letters written that afternoon, full of tenderness, full of entreaties. "If your reading is so important I will not say a word, you shall go back, you shall be left quite free; but oh, my dearest boy! surely you can spare us a week or two," Lady Markham wrote. Their spirits rose after these letters had been despatched. It did not seem possible that Paul could turn a deaf ear to such entreaties; and by this time surely he, too, must be longing for home. The future had not seemed so bright to them since first these discords began. Now, surely, if Paul would but respond as became an affectionate son, everything would be right.

Markham Chase was situated in one of those districts where the post comes in at night—a very bad thing, as is well known, for the digestion, and a great enemy to

sleep and comfort. No one, however, had the philosophy to do without his or her letters on that account. The ladies naturally never took it in consideration at all, and Sir William's official correspondence did not affect his nerves. Lady Markham and her daughter came early into the drawing-room that evening, while it was still daylight, though evening was advancing rapidly. The children, who felt severely the loss of Colonel Lenny and his stories, and were low-spirited and out of temper in consequence, went soon into bed. Lady Markham retired to her favorite room—the large recess which made a sort of transept to the great drawing-room. It was filled at the further end by a large Elizabethan window, the upper part of which was composed of quarries of old painted glass in soft tints of greenish white and yellow, and which caught the very last rays of daylight—the lingering glories of the west. Soft, massy velvet curtains framed in, but did not shade the window, for Lady Markham was fond of light, and shrouded the entrance dividing this from the great drawing-room beyond. The fireplace all glimmering with tiles below and bits of mirror above, with shelves of delicate china and pet ornaments, filled the great part of one side, while the other was clothed with book-cases below and pictures above, closely set. One of Raphael's early Madonnas (or a copy—there was no certainty on the subject, Lady Markham holding to its authenticity with more fervor than any other article of faith, but disinterested critics holding the latter opinion), presided over the whole; and there were some pretty landscapes, and a great many portraits—the true household gods of its mistress. There she had seated herself in the soft waning light of the evening. Alice just outside the velvet curtains was playing softly, now an old stately minuet, now an old-fashioned, quaint gavotte, now a snatch of a languid, dreamy valse—music which did not mean much, which breathed echoes of soft pleasures past into the quiet. The soft summer twilight fading slowly out of the great window, the cool breathing of the dews and night air from the garden, the dreamy music—all lulled the mind to rest. Lady Markham made not even a pretence at occupation. What was she thinking of? When a woman has her boys out in the world—those strange, unknown, yet so familiar creatures whom she knows by heart yet knows nothing of, who have dipped into a thousand things

incomprehensible to her, filling her with vague fears and aches of anxiety—of what but of these is she likely to be thinking? She was groping vaguely after her Paul in strange places which her imagination scarcely took in. When the other boys were away they too had their share in her thoughts; but they were still in the age of innocence at school, not young men abroad in the world. Where was he now? She tried to figure to herself a scene of youthful gaiety—one of the college parties she had read of in novels. She was the more bold to think of this, as she felt that her appeal to Paul just despatched would surely detach him, for a time at least, from all such noisy scenes. Lady Markham's imagination was not her strong point. She was floating vaguely in a maze of fancies rather than forming for herself any definite change, when Brown came into the room with the letters. The music stopped instantly, and Alice, rushing at them, uttered a tremulous cry which made the mother at once aware what had happened. Only Paul could have called forth that cry of trembling satisfaction, delight, and alarm. Lady Markham got up at once and held out her hands for the letters, while Alice ran to light the candles. "I can see, I can see," Lady Markham said. The mere fact that the letter was Paul's made it more or less luminous in itself and helped the fading light.

Sir William, seated in his library by himself, had been thinking, with a difference, much the same thoughts. With a compunction and compassion indescribable, he had been thinking of his son. Paul, with all his foolish democratical notions, was yet the most aristocratic, the most imperious of young men; knowing nothing of the evils he was so ready to bear, generous in giving, but to whom it would be bitterness itself to receive. Would Paul ever turn upon him, upbraid him, curse him? A shiver came over him at the thought—and along with this a horrible sense of the position in which this haughty young heir would find himself, if—How was it that such a possibility had altogether escaped his mind? He could not tell: he did not know how to answer himself. Forty years is a large slice out of a man's life. Even had it been some one fully known and loved, it would be unlikely that you should think of him with any persistency of deference after a separation of forty years. And a child, an infant, a thing with no personality at all! But still, he asked himself,



had he never thought, when Paul was born, of the former time, far away in the morning breeze of youth, when a young mother and a child had called forth his interest? Yes, he had thought of it; he had thought with alarm of what had happened then; he had been more anxious about his young wife than young husbands usually are—but no more. It had never occurred to him that his child had anything to do with the other. Strange blindness in a man so accurate! He said to himself, "It will come to nothing; it will be arranged; all will be well;" but in the same breath he said, "Poor Paul! God help him! What would happen to Paul, if —"

He had not been able to do anything all day for thinking of this; he had kept his blue-book before him, but he had made nothing of it. Sir William, whose understood creed it was that public affairs went before everything, could pay no attention to these public affairs. When the letters came in, in the evening, he received them languidly, not feeling that there was anything there which could interest him so much as his own thoughts. When he saw Paul's handwriting an unusual stir arose in his elderly bosom. But he put it down, and took up a letter from his chief, which would be no doubt of far more importance to the country, with a last attempt to conquer himself. But the words of his chief's letter had no sense to him; he could not understand what there was to be so anxious about. Smith's candidature for Bamphalim—what did it matter? He made a rapid novel reflection to himself about the trifling character of the incidents which people made so much of; then laid down the solemn sheet with its coronet, and took up the letter of his boy.

A few minutes after he walked into his wife's sitting-room, the letter open in his hand. Lady Markham was seated close to the great window against the dying light, with a candle flaring melancholy on a table beside her, reading her letter. Alice, behind her, read it too, over her mother's shoulder: surprise and trouble were coming from their lips, Alice had begun to cry. Lady Markham, in her wonder and distress, was repeating a few words here and there aloud. "I can no longer hope for anything in this country of prejudice." "Going away to a new world." They were both so absorbed that they did not hear Sir William's entrance till he suddenly appeared, holding out his letter. "What is the meaning,"

he asked, "of this, Isabel? What is the meaning of it?" The indignation of the head of the house, which seemed to be directed against themselves, brought the two ladies with a sudden shock out of their own private dismay, and gave them a new part to play. Their hearts still quivering with the sudden blow which Paul's disclosure had given them, they now turned in a moment into apologists and defenders of Paul.

"What is it?—from Paul, William? he has written to you *too*," said Lady Markham, with trembling lips.

"What does it mean?" cried Sir William. "He is going off, he says—away—to Australia, or New Zealand, or somewhere. What does it mean? No doubt he takes you into his confidence. If you have known of this intention long you ought to have let me know."

"I am as much overwhelmed as you can be, William. I have just got a letter," Lady Markham stopped, her lips trembling. "Oh, Paul, my boy! He cannot mean it," she said. "It must be some fancy of the moment. At his age everything is exaggerated. William, William, something must be done. We must go to him and save him."

"Save him! from what are we to save him?" Sir William began to pace up and down with impatience and perplexity. He was not so angry (they thought) as they had feared. He was anxious, unhappy, as they were, though querulous too. "What is the meaning of it? Follies like this do not spring up all at once. You must have seen it coming on. You must know what it means. What has he been writing to you about lately? Is there—any woman —"

"William!" cried his wife.

"Well!—Alice, run away; we can discuss this better without you. Well, it need not be anything criminal or vicious, though of course that is what at once you imagine it to be. Has he spoken of any one? Has he ever— No, he would not do that. He is a fool," cried the anxious father; "he is capable of any nonsense. But it must not necessarily be anything that is vicious—from your point of view."

Alice had not gone away. She shrank behind her mother into the dim corner, yet to her own consciousness stood confronting her brother's accuser with a resolute countenance from which the color had all gone out. Her blue eyes were open wide with horror yet denial. Whatever Paul might have done she was ready



to defend him, although the possibility of any such wrong-doing went through her like a sword of fire. The light of the candle flickered upon—faintly showing scarcely anything but the attitude, partially relieved against the lightness of the window—a slim, straight, indignant figure drawn up and set in defence.

"He has not written often lately," said Lady Markham, faltering; "but oh, William, it is not possible; he is not capable—"

"What do you know about it?" cried Sir William, almost roughly. "How can you tell what he is capable of? A young man will go from a house like this, from his mother's side, and will find pleasure—actual pleasure—in the society of creatures bred upon the streets; in their noisy talk, in their bad manners, in all that is most unlike you. God knows how it is; but so it is. Paul may be no better than the rest. Alice, I tell you, run away."

Lady Markham grew red and then deadly pale. She rose, trembling, to her feet. "Can we go to-night? Can we go at once?" she cried. "Oh, William, let us not lose an hour!"

"You know as well as I do there is no train after eight o'clock. Compose yourself," said Sir William. "Nothing more than what has already happened can happen to him to-night."

"We might get the express at Bluntwood—the train papa goes by—if we were to start at once," cried Alice, with her hand on the bell, her eyes turning from her father to her mother. The eager women on each side of him made the greatest contrast to the head of the house. Had Paul been dying instead of simply in a problematical danger, Sir William Markham would not have consented to leave his home in this headlong way, or take any step upon which he had not reflected. He waved his hand impatiently.

"You had much better go to bed," he said, "and don't worry yourselves about a matter in which for the present none of us can do anything. I will go to-morrow. Sit down, Alice! Do you think Paul would thank you if you arrived breathless in the middle of the night? Try to look at the matter coolly. Excitement never does any good. I will go—and see if he will listen to reason—to-morrow."

To-morrow! It seemed to both mother and sister as if a thousand calamities, too terrible to think of, might be happening, might have happened, before to-morrow; and on the other hand, how, they asked

each other with a pitiful interchange of looks, were they themselves to live through this night? No feeling of this description moved Sir William. He was very much disturbed and annoyed, but certainly it would do no good to any one were he to render himself unfit for action by foolish anxiety. Nor did he feel any of that vague horror of apprehension which filled their minds. He was a great deal more angry and much less alarmed about his son's well-being. On the other hand, he was less sanguine; for he did not hope that Paul would listen to reason as they hoped that by their entreaties, by their tears, by the sight of the misery his resolution would bring them, Paul might relent and give way. After a while Sir William returned to his library and to his blue-books, and the official letter which he had only half read, which he had suffered himself to be so much influenced by parental feeling as to leave in the middle; and though he paused now and then to frown and sigh, and give a thought aside to the troubles of paternity, yet he went on with his own work, and gave all the attention that was necessary to the public business, until his usual hour for going to bed.

Lady Markham and Alice spent their evening in a very different way; they read their letter over twenty times at least; they found new meanings in every sentence of it. Hidden things seemed to be brought out, emotions, penitences, relentings, by every new perusal. Sometimes these discoveries plunged them into deeper trouble—sometimes raised them to sudden hope. How little Paul was conscious of the subtle shades of meaning they attributed to him! They were like commentators in all ages; they found a thousand ideas he had never dreamed of lurking in every line of their author; and with all these different readings in their heads spent a sleepless night.

#### CHAPTER X.

PAUL MARKHAM was not in his room. The porter at the college gate looked curiously upon the party of people who asked after him. It was not the time of year when college authorities interfere with undergraduates; neither was a virtuous young man "staying up to read" likely to call forth their censures. The porter could not give them any information as to where to find Paul; the party (he thought) looked anxious, just as he had seen people look whose son had got into trouble: the father with wrinkles in

his forehead, but an air of business and anxious determination to look as if there was nothing particular in it — nothing but an ordinary visit. The mother with a redness about her eyes, but a smile, very courteous, even conciliatory, to the porter himself, and so sorry to give him trouble. And an eager young sister clinging to the mother, looking anxiously about, staring at every figure she saw approaching.

"Here's a gentleman, sir, as can tell you, if any one can," the porter said. All then turned round simultaneously to look at the person thus indicated. He was a young man of not very distinguished appearance, who came carelessly across the quadrangle in a rough-colored suit, with a pipe in his mouth. He came along swinging his cane, smoking his pipe, not thinking of what awaited him. However, those three pairs of eyes affected him unawares. He looked up and saw the little group, and instinctively withdrew his pipe from his mouth. He had just slipped it quickly into the pocket of his loose jacket, and was trying to steal through the party under cover of a messenger who was passing, when Sir William stepped forward and addressed him.

"The man tells me," he said, "that you are a friend of my son, Paul Markham, and can perhaps give us some information where to find him?"

While the father spoke, the two ladies looked at the young man with eyes half-investigating, half-imploring. He felt that they were making notes of his rough clothes, his pipe, which alas! they had seen going into his pocket, and of a general aspect which was not very decorous, and forming opinions unfavorable, not only to himself, but to Paul; while, at the same time, they were entreating him with soft looks to tell them where Paul was, and somehow — they could not tell how — to reassure them on his account.

Young Fairfax, who was not perhaps a very elevated member of society in general, was of a sympathetic nature at least. He was greatly embarrassed by their looks, and confused between the two, giving the attention of his eyes to the ladies on one side, and that of his ears to Sir William on the other. He felt himself blush at the thought of his own unsatisfactory appearance — his worst clothes (for who expected to meet ladies *in August*?) and the pipe, which both literally and metaphorically burnt his pocket. Lady Markham and Alice took the redness which overspread the stranger's face not as referring to the state of

his own appearance (though they were keenly sensible of that), but as a sign that he had nothing that was comforting or satisfactory to say of Paul — and their hearts sank.

Young Fairfax coughed and cleared his throat.

"Markham," he said. "I will go and see if he is in his rooms."

"He is not in his rooms," they said all together, a fact which the other knew very well.

When Fairfax found this little expedient of his to gain time did not answer, he ventured on a bolder step. "If you will go to Markham's rooms," he said, "I think I can find him for you. I know where he will be; that is to say I know — two or three men's rooms — where he is very likely to be."

"Could not we go with this gentleman?" said Lady Markham, looking at him, though it was to her husband she spoke — and then looked at him too with a supplicating look which went to the young good-for-nothing's heart. He gave the ladies a look in return which he felt was apologetic, and yet full of a protest and appeal to their sense of virtue. What can I do? I cannot make him all that you wish him to be, was what he felt his look said, and this was really the sentiment in his mind, though he would have laughed at himself for it. And they understood him and their hearts sank a little now.

"Impossible!" said Sir William, "how could you go to — a man's room? perhaps into the midst of a — party," he was going to have said riotous party, but forbore for the sake of the girl. "No, you had better take this — young gentleman's advice —"

"My name is Fairfax," said the youth, taking off his hat. He blushed again, having kept that engaging weakness, though it is not by any means sure that he had kept the modest grace of which it is the sign, and a smile crept about his lips. The hearts of the two women rose a little. If things had been very bad with Paul he would not, they reasoned, have had the heart to smile.

"Mr. Fairfax's advice," said Sir William; "go to Paul's room and wait there, and I will go with Mr. Fairfax to find him. That is much the best thing to do."

"I may have to run about to one place and another," said the young man alarmed, "it is a pity to give you so much trouble. Would not you, sir, wait with the ladies? I promise you to find him with as little delay."

"I will go with you," said Sir William, in his cold way, which admitted of no appeal; "you know the way, Isabel, to Paul's rooms." And thus they parted, the young man looking at the ladies again with a kind of dismayed protest. Can I help it? He was very much dismayed to have Sir William with him. Fairfax had not much doubt as to where Paul was, and he did not think it was a place which would please his father. He felt already that he had established an undertaking with the others which justified his glance of alarm. Lady Markham and her daughter turned very reluctantly away. They went across the quadrangle with drooping heads. Everything lay vacant in the sunshine, no cheerful bustle about, the windows all black, no voices, no footsteps, no lounging figures under the trees. Slowly they went across the light with their heads close together. "He knows where Paul is," said Lady Markham, with a sigh. "But he did not want papa to go," said Alice with another. They crept up the silent staircase and went into the vacant room, and sat down timidly, not venturing to look at anything. They were afraid of seeing something, even a book which in Paul's absence would betray Paul. His mother glanced furtively, pitifully about her. She was more bound by honor here in her son's room, more determined to make no discoveries, than if her boy had been her enemy; and who can tell how the consciousness of this sank like a stone into her heart. A few years ago everything would have been so lightly received, so gaily dismissed — but now! The fringes of her cloak swept some papers off a side table, and she let them lie, not venturing to touch them. Paul should not suppose that his mother had come to pry into his secrets. God forbid! He should be allowed to explain himself, to say the best he could for himself.

"Mr. Fairfax looked as if he knew everything. Did not you think so, mamma?"

"Oh, my darling, what can I say? He looked, I think, as if he were fond of Paul."

"Well, I am sure he did. He was not very nice-looking, nor well dressed; but these young men are very careless, are they not, when they are living alone?"

"I should not think anything of this, dear," said Lady Markham, decidedly; "I think, then, though he was careless of his appearance, that he had an innocent look. He met your eye. There was nothing downlooked about him, and he

blushed, that is always a good sign, and smiled at me, like a boy who has got a mother."

"And he did not look at all frightened to see us, as he would have done had there been anything very wrong. I think he was rather pleasant — it was papa he was afraid of. Now it is clear that if Paul had been — wicked, as papa said, (oh, Paul, Paul, I beg your pardon, dear, I never thought it!) it would have been you and me, mamma, don't you think, that they would have been afraid of? They could not have borne to look us in the face if *that* had been true; whereas," said Alice, in a tingle of logic, the tears starting into her eyes, "it was papa Mr. Fairfax was afraid of, not you or me."

"That is true," said Lady Markham, brightening slowly, but she did not take all the comfort from this that Alice expected. "Unless they are very intimate, he is not likely to know all that Paul is doing," she said, shaking her head. Paul's room was far from orderly. Once upon a time he had been very fond of nick-nacks, and had cultivated choice and fancy plates about the walls. All that was gone now. Lady Markham looked at the bareness of the room with a pang. Would he have neglected it so if everything had been going well with him? Perhaps had it been much decorated she would have asked herself whether these meretricious decorations did not indicate a mind given up to frivolities, but in the mean time it was a curious and significant fact that the ornaments had all disappeared from his walls.

In the mean time young Fairfax was hurrying Sir William at a pace which scarcely befitted his dignity, or his years, along the streets. Probably the young man forgot that his companion was likely to suffer from this rapid programme; and when he remembered, he was not without hope of tiring the angry (as he supposed) father. But Sir William was a statesman and trained to exertion. He puffed a little and got very hot, but he did not flinch. Fairfax, it was evident, knew very well where he was going. He made a cunning attempt to deceive his companion by pretending to pause and wonder at the first corner, then he smote his thigh, and declared that of course he knew where Paul would be at this hour — not in any man's lodgings — with the man who was teaching him — what was it? He could not recollect what it was — wood-carving or something of that sort. "It is a good way off; would it not be

better to let me fetch him?" he said, making a last attempt. "Let us get a cab," said Sir William. "Oh, it is not so far as that," said his guide, with a blush. Sir William had a half suspicion that he was being led round and round about to make him think the way longer than it really was, but that part of Oxford had changed since his time, and he was not quite sure of the way. At last, however, when no further delay was possible, he found himself at the door of a small little grimy house, the ground floor of which seemed to be occupied as some kind of workshop, where a man sat working. The place smelt of varnish and the window was full of small picture-frames, gilt and ungilt, and other very simple articles, of carved work-boxes and bookshelves. "Oh, Spears! has Markham been here," the young man cried with a certain relief in his tone. The workman looked up from his work. He was busy with a glue-pot, and the varnish which smelt so badly. He did not rise from his bench in honor of the gentleman, or remove his cap from his head. He said shortly, but in a voice of unusual sweetness and refinement, "He is here still. He has gone up-stairs, to wash his hands, I suppose."

"Ah!" said Fairfax. It was not a syllable, it was a sigh. He had hoped to have escaped easily; but it was not to be so. He went to the foot of the stairs, which led directly out of the workshop. "Markham!" he cried, "are you there? Come down at once, you are wanted." How could he throw special significance into his voice? It sounded to himself just as careless as usual, though he had meant to make it very serious. "Markham, I say, there's some one wants you—important! Come at once!" he added, going up a few steps.

Sir William stood stiffly down below, watching with the utmost attention, while the workman upon his bench eyed him with suspicious eyes.

Then Paul's voice came still more lightly from above, striking strangely upon the ear of his father, who had never heard that tone in it before.

"Confound you, what's the hurry?" Paul said. "If it's a dun you ought to know better than to bring him here. I'll come when I'm ready."

"Markham! I tell you it's of the first importance," said the young man, going a step or two higher, but still quite audible to Sir William.

Then there came a burst of laughter from above, seconded by what sounded

to Sir William's suspicious ears like feminine voices.

"Is it the vice-chancellor?" said Paul, "or the provost? Say the word, and I'll get out over the leads or through the window."

The next moment he appeared, rubbing his hands in a towel, and without his coat, with a face more full of laughter than, Sir William thought, he had ever seen it before; and this time he felt certain that he heard women laughing up-stairs. He was standing with his back to the light, and his son did not see him for the moment.

Paul came down-stairs, gradually emerging, always rubbing his hands. He called out,—

"Who is it, Spears? What is this fellow making a fuss about?"

"I cannot tell who it is," said the workman; "it is some one who has come into my house without taking the trouble to notice me. I presume therefore that it must be what is called a gentleman."

The sound of the man's voice was so pleasant that Sir William did not at first realize the offence in it, and at that moment he was too much absorbed in watching the change of his son's countenance to thing of anything else.

Paul emerged from the shadow of the staircase, which was like a ladder, his face full of amusement and brightness, entirely at his ease, and familiar with all about him. His hat was on and his coat was off, but that evidently made no difference; neither did he cease to dry his hands with the towel as he came leisurely down-stairs. It was clear that he expected no one whose appearance could enjoin any more regard to the decorum of formal life.

When he first caught sight of his father a cloud came over him. Sir William's face was not visible, but Sir William's figure and voice were scarcely to be mistaken. The father looked on while the first shadow of fear came over his son's face; then saw it lighten with a desperate effort not to believe what was too apparent; then darken suddenly and completely with the sense of discovery and of the fate which had overtaken him. To see your child's bright countenance cloud over at the sight of you, to see the struggle of hope that this may not be you, and despair to find that it is you, what mortal parent can bear this unmoved? It would have half killed Lady Markham.

Sir William was of tougher stuff, and less entirely moved by the affections; but yet he felt it. He saw the same line come

in his son's forehead which all the family knew so well in his own, and an expression of angry displeasure, impatience, and gloom came over his face. This made him, too, angry in spite of himself. He said, harshly, —

"Yes, Paul, it is I. I am the last person you expected, or evidently wished, to see here."

Paul came down the remaining steps, the very sound of his foot changing; he threw away his towel and took off his hat, and assumed an air of punctilious politeness.

"I do not deny that I am much surprised to see you, sir," he said, darting a gleam aside of annoyed reproach at Fairfax. He had flushed a glowing red, of alarm and annoyance, feeling his very shirt-sleeves to be evidence against him, and looked round for his coat with an inclination to be angry with everybody.

"I had just gone to wash my hands after my work," he said with a confused apology.

Confronted thus suddenly with his father in all the state of authority and parental displeasure, how could he help feeling himself at a disadvantage? He forgot everything but that his father had found him in circumstances which to him would seem equivocal, perhaps disgraceful; but he was not allowed to forget.

"If you require to apologize, Markham, for being found in my shop or my house, you had better not return here," said the master of the place, eyeing him over his shoulder from his bench, "any more."

"I beg your pardon, Spears. My father — does not think with me. It is by no will of mine that — he has come here —"

"If you can't be civil, and introduce him civilly — and if he can't be civil, and doesn't know how to treat a man in his own house," said Spears, busy with his glue-pot, "you had better take him away."

"This is the man you brought to my house — in my absence," said Sir William, "imposing upon your mother. I suppose the well-known" (he was going to say demagogue, but paused, after looking at the person in question) "orator and leader of trades unions —"

"Yes, that is I," said the master of the shop. "I am quite ready to answer any question on my own account. But I beg your pardon, whoever you may be. Markham did not impose upon his mother, nor did I. He introduced me as his friend, and I lost no time in telling the lady that I was a working-man. Lady

Markham has the manners of a queen. She was perfectly polite to me, as I hope I am capable of being to any one who comes in the same way into my house."

Sir William gave his son's friend another look. He had no desire to make a personal enemy of this demagogue. A public man must think of expediency in public matters, even where his own affections are concerned.

"You will excuse me," he said, coldly. "My business is with my son. I should not have intruded myself into your house had I known it. Paul, your mother is at your rooms, waiting for you. I must ask you to come there with me at once."

Paul's countenance fell still more.

"My mother! — here!"

"Good morning," said Sir William, taking off his hat with much solemnity. "I am sorry to have invaded Mr. Spears's privacy even for a moment. I will wait for you, Paul, outside."

The workman got up and took off his cap, bowing ceremoniously in answer to Sir William's salutation. He had not moved till his name was mentioned.

"There," he cried, with evinced discomfort, "dash the little aristocrat! He has the last word — that's the worst, or the best of them. They have their senses always about them. No — no flurry — no feeling. Well, Paul, aren't you going? Be off with you and explain, like a good boy, to your mamma and your papa."

"What is it all about?" said a girl's voice from the top of the stairs; and first one, then another, fair, curly, somewhat unkempt head appeared peeping down upon the group below. "And who is the little old gentleman? Father, may we come down-stairs?"

"Go back to your work, on the instant," said Spears; "I want no girls here. Well, Markham, why don't you go? Is your father to wait for you all day — and I too?"

"I shall go when I am ready," said Paul, gloomily.

He took a long time to put on that coat. He was not of a temper to be cowed or frightened, and for a moment he was undecided whether to defy his father directly and deny all jurisdiction or control on his part, or to take the more definite part of extending to Sir William that courtesy which his teacher had instructed him was due from all men to each other — from rebellious sons to fathers as well as in every other relation of life, hearing what he had to say with politeness as he would have heard any other opponent in argu-



ment. But the fact is that an argument between father and son on their reciprocal duties is a thing more difficult to maintain with perfect temper and politeness than any argument that ever took place in the Union or perhaps in Parliament itself. And Paul was bitterly angry that his father should have invaded this place, and dismayed to hear that his mother had come, and that he would have her entreaties to meet. He had not anticipated anything of the kind, strangely enough. He had expected letters of all kinds—angry, reproachful, entreating—but it had not occurred to him that his father would come in person, much less any other of the family. He was dismayed and he was angry; his heart failed him in spite of all his courage. Pride and temper forbade him to run away, yet he would have escaped if he could. He took a long time to put on his coat, he said nothing to either of the two men that stood by, and pushed Fairfax aside when he tried to help him. Spears had given up his work altogether, and stood watching his pupil with a smile upon his face.

"When does that fellow mean to go?" he said. "What is he waiting for? I like the looks of that little old gentleman, as the girls call him. There's stuff in that man. But for him and such as him the people would have had their rights long ago; but I respect the man for all that. Markham, what do you mean by keeping him kicking his heels outside my shop in the sun? That is not the respect due from one man to another. He's an older man than you are, and merits more consideration. What are you frightened for, man alive? Can't you go?"

"Frightened!" cried Paul, with an indignant curl of his lip.

"Yes, frightened, nothing else; or you wouldn't take so long a time about going. Ah, that's driven him out at last! Do you know those people, Fairfax? or how did you come to bring the father here?"

"I know them? I am not half grand enough. How should I know a man who is a Right Honorable? I met them by chance. Spears, you may say what you like, but even a little rank, however it may go against reason, has an effect."

"Do you think I need you to tell me that? If they hadn't an effect, what would be the use of all wise doing? 'Why stand I in peril every day,' as that fierce democrat Paul says somewhere. To be sure there's something in it. I once lived three days in that man's

house. I didn't know he was absent, as he says he was. I should have liked to have stood up to him and stated my way of thinking and seen what he had to say for himself. It was the first sneaking thing I ever knew in Markham to take me there while his father was away. Life goes on wheels in those houses," said Spears, taking his seat again upon his bench. "It was all one could do after a day or two to keep one's moral consciousness awake. A footman waited upon me hand and foot, and I never spoke to him—not as I ought to have done—about the unnatural folly of his position, till the last day. I couldn't do it; a fortnight in that place would have demoralized even me. The mother—ah, there it is! We can't build up women like that, I don't know how you're to do it without three conditions. We have good women, and brave women, and pure women, but nothing like that. You have to see it," said Spears, shaking his head, "ever to know what it is."

"So long as it's only a fine lady," said the young man.

"Don't talk of what you don't understand," said the other. "I'd have the best of everything in my republic. I'd have that little old man's pluck and self-command; and the lady—I don't see my way to do anything like the lady."

"I have always told you, Spears, that the old society which you condemn has everything that is good in it, if you would have patience and —"

"You have always told me!" said Spears in his melodious voice.

He returned to his work without further argument, as if this was enough reply. He was finishing a number of little carved frames, of which his window was full. There was a bill in the window on which "Selling off" was printed in large letters. The shop was full of wood and bits of carving all done up in bundles, and everything about showed marks of an approaching departure or breaking-up. The master of the house put on his cap again and gave himself up to his work. It was not of a kind which impressed the spectator. But the man who worked was not commonplace in appearance. He was much taller than Sir William, but had a large, massive head, covered with a crop of dusky hair. The softness of his eyes corresponded with that of his voice, but the lines of the face were not soft. He took no further notice of Fairfax, who, for his part, took his neglect quite calmly. He took his pipe out of his pocket, where



he had put it stealthily when he first caught sight of the ladies, for one moment paused, and looked at it as with a look of half-comic, half-serious uncertainty. Should he keep it as a memento of that interview? He looked at it again and laughed, then pulled out of another pocket a little box of matches and lighted his pipe. He, like Paul, was quite familiar and at his ease in the workman's shop.

---

From Blackwood's Magazine.  
SYRIA.

#### THE MARONITES.

HALF-WAY between Damascus and Beyrout, on the French diligence route, lies the village and post-station of Shtora. It is situated at the foot of the eastern slope of the Lebanon, and on the edge of the great valley or rather plain of the Buka'a. A road practicable for wheeled vehicles leads from here along the plain to Baalbec, distant about forty miles — a pleasant road, for the first hour skirting the lower Lebanon spurs, and winding between hedges of roses in bloom and through richly cultivated country. I turned off from it before it became hot and dull, at the village of Muallaka, celebrated as containing the mortal remains of Noah, whose tomb is shown to the credulous stranger. Its dimensions are one hundred and four feet long by ten broad, and it conveys some idea of the size of the human race before they evolved backwards as it were to their present dimensions. As Noah lived to the age of nine hundred and fifty years, and built an ark large enough to contain specimens of every living thing on the face of the globe, there seems to be no reason why he should not himself have been over one hundred feet high. I did not, however, visit his tomb, which is much revered both by Christians and Moslems, but turned into the gorge down which plunges the brawling Berduni, to the picturesque town of Zahleh. The towns of Muallaka and Zahleh meet in this gorge, which is scarce a mile long — the former spreading out at its *débouchure*, and the latter clinging to the steep sides of the valley, where it widens above the gorge. Muallaka is a purely Moslem village, while Zahleh contains a population of fifteen thousand inhabitants, amongst whom there is only one Moslem family. The

narrow street which separates these contiguous towns forms also the boundary of the province. Muallaka is in the *vilayat* of Syria, and is governed by Midhat Pasha from Damascus; while Zahleh is the largest and most important town in the province of the Lebanon, and is governed from Baabda, the seat of administration of Rustem Pasha. As we approach it, we are at once struck by the absence of minarets, and the presence of domes and crosses, for it boasts of no less than eighteen churches, with a fanatical, fighting population, of whom two-thirds are Greek orthodox, and one-third Maronite, who all vehemently opposed the introduction of Protestant missionary schools. There is one notwithstanding, presided over by an English lady. In 1860 the turbulent propensities of the inhabitants were fully gratified, for the Druses came down upon them, and the place suffered terribly. It is a lovely, peaceful-looking spot now, with its well-built whitewashed houses, picturesquely clustering upon the steep hillsides, their piazzas and balconies with their high columns perched one above the other; while the Berduni, issuing from a romantic chasm in the Lebanon, plunges down to the second gorge below, turning in its impetuous course a quantity of corn-mills, and irrigating a small flat area which is hemmed in by the steep surrounding hills, and is thickly planted with tall poplars. Thither we descended to seek a cool retreat from the noonday sun, and found ourselves in a labyrinth of intersecting streamlets and ropewalks. Higher up, where the valley becomes narrow, enterprising purveyors of public recreation have erected *cafés*, where the citizens resort in the cool of the evening, and, perched on stages over the torrent, sip "mastic" or *raki*, and eat raw gherkins to stimulate their palates, singing their uproarious and discordant native songs while they play draughts or dominoes. The streets are so steep and rough that it is far easier to walk than to ride; but there is, in fact, nothing of interest to see in Zahleh beyond the extreme beauty of its position, and its general air of prosperity and comfort.

As Zahleh does not boast of any place of entertainment for strangers, we were put up by a private family; and from the roof of the house, or rather the house below ours, revelled in a charming view while the ladies of the establishment were preparing our repast. They were two good-looking sisters, both married; but she who was our hostess blushed at the dis-

grace which she felt attended her admission, when, in answer to our inquiries, she told us she had no children. Her sister, who was ostentatiously nursing a fat baby, looked at her with compassion, and I think tried to make some excuse for this omission; but although my friend and travelling companion was a tolerable Arabic scholar, he felt hardly up to pursuing the subject. They gave us an excellent dinner, and the neighboring gossips gathered round to see us eat, sitting on their heels, and gazing at us admiringly. The furniture of a Syrian house is limited to mats, and quilts, and cushions; and the attitude of its occupants, when they are not on their heels, is necessarily more or less recumbent. Ours was invariably so—as, until one is accustomed to it, heels are uncomfortable to sit upon permanently. So far as the charms of female society are concerned, a Christian's house is a more amusing one to lodge in than a Moslem's, but then you have to pay for it. It is much more difficult to satisfy the pecuniary expectations of Christians than of Moslems: indeed, one would imagine that it was rather the Koran than the Bible which denounced the love of money as being the root of all evil—so much keener are Christian than Moslem cupidities; but as the result of a more enlightened financial selfishness is a higher state of civilization, I suppose it should be encouraged. Unless we can stimulate the Moslem to devote his whole energies to preying upon his neighbor, and can increase his greed for money and his necessities generally, the cause of reform in Turkey is hopeless. I am not now speaking of the bureaucratic class, who have been either educated in Europe or taught by contact with enlightened foreigners how “to turn an honest penny,” as if pennies could be dishonest,—but of the simple peasantry and provincial folk generally, who are not mixed up in administrative vices, and who suffer from the absence of those avaricious instincts which enable Christians to thrive and prosper when the Moslem earns but a scanty living—not because he is less industrious, but because he is less covetous and astute. These considerations occurred to me on the following morning, as my charming and agreeable hostess pouted indignantly at the ridiculously large present she received in proportion to the service she had rendered. The unsophisticated Moslem—where Cook's tourists have not penetrated and introduced civilized ideas—would have been

bowed down with gratitude with half the amount.

Zahleh stands at an elevation of about three thousand feet above the sea-level, and from it we immediately began to rise; for we were clambering up the shoulder of the Jebel Sennin, the snow-clad mountain so familiar to those who gaze at the Lebanon range from the balconies of the hotels at Beyrout, and which attains an altitude of over eighty-three hundred feet. We soon left the vineyards behind us—for Zahleh is the most important wine-growing place in the Lebanon—and toiled up the steep, grassy slopes for an hour and a half, until we found ourselves among patches of snow, and over six thousand feet above the sea. Here rhododendrons in full bloom were abundant, while violets and forget-me-nots peeped out from between the rocks. From the ridge we had a magnificent view back over the Buka'a and Cœle-Syria; while at our feet lay stretched the wild gorges and valleys of the Kasrawan district, which we were about to explore, with the sea in the dim distance. We kept along this ridge in a northerly direction, with snowy Jebel Sennin towering above us on our right, for some time before we began to descend into the grand amphitheatre of the Wady Sennin. Here rocks rose precipitously all round, and streams dashed tumultuously down them, ultimately to join the Nahr-el-Kelb or Dog River. We scrambled along the narrow ledges, looking down giddy heights, until we came to a precipice formed by an extraordinary mass of cracked limestone: it was rent by deep fissures to its base, while it projected in crags and pinnacles of the strangest form, amid which our path led. These crags were curiously fluted and honeycombed by the action of the weather; and here and there a *crevasse* yawned beneath our feet with apparently no bottom. The grey of the rock, and the fantastic forms of its gigantic masses contrasted wonderfully with the dark green of the pine foliage which mingled with it; while lower down, expanses of light-green mulberry cultivation indicated that we were once more approaching the abode of man. After a delicious bath in a crystal stream, we crossed another ridge, and over the whole side of the hill we were descending we saw well-built, comfortable-looking houses scattered, peeping out of masses of luxuriant vegetation, and inviting us to a mid-day halt, of which we began to stand in need. This was the village of Bestimka. We had scarcely

entered it before we were most warmly but not disinterestedly pressed by a well-to-do householder to dismount in his garden. He spread mats for us under the shade of his fruit-trees, supplied us with sour milk, which, together with the viands we had brought with us, served for our lunch; and we could not help contrasting the ease and comparative wealth with which we were surrounded, with the more poverty-stricken and squalid aspect of the villages in which we had been lately sojourning in the Anti-Lebanon.

For the remainder of the afternoon our ride was enchanting: along terraces covered with mulberry, amid crags down which cascades dashed and to which pine-trees clung, between hedges of roses, and under the shade of wide-spreading walnut-trees, till we found ourselves in another noble amphitheatre, the lower portion of which was richly cultivated; and in the midst of its gardens we looked with interest on our night-quarters—the village of Mezra'a. We had not met many travellers during our day's march, but our first question had always been when we did meet one, "How far is it to Mezra'a?" and our second, "Who is the best man there to go to for lodging?" We never received two replies in the least degree similar to the first query; while every one seemed to concur in the opinion that for hospitality there was no one to compare with Abdulla the son of Jirius the priest. So, on entering the village, we immediately made inquiry for Abdulla, and half-a-dozen volunteers to find him were soon forthcoming; for it seemed well known that at that moment he was not at home. Soon he appeared, a handsome, pleasant-featured man, delighted at the importance with which our arrival invested him, and well-pleased, no doubt, to show us the magnificence of the accommodation which he could place at our disposal. It turned out to be nothing less than an entire mansion, newly built, and which, though it was neatly furnished with mats, had never been occupied. We stabled our horses in the lower floor, while we ascended to the upper by a flight of steps on the outside, leading to a veranda commanding a delightful view. Three or four spacious rooms opened out of this, and of one of these we took possession while Abdulla, the son of Jirius the priest, sent for some women-kind from his father's house, which seemed to be his present abode. Afterwards, when we became more intimate with him, he

explained to us that he was to be married next year to a young lady in the neighbourhood, and that he had built this house in anticipation of the happy event. In the mean time, he introduced us to his sister, who came carrying a basket of tender mulberry-leaves—for the whole female population was engaged in providing for the wants of the young silk-worms; and having seen our room made comfortable, we started off under our host's escort to pay a visit to Jirius the priest himself.

There is no street or collection of houses grouped closely together in these higher Lebanon villages, but they are for the most part scattered among mulberry-plantations over the hillsides. Mezra'a contained about fifteen hundred inhabitants, and its gardens and vineyards covered a considerable area. The silk culture formed the principal industry of the inhabitants at the period of our visit. The worms were just out, and infinitesimally small. Only the youngest and tenderest leaves were being gathered for them, which girls were neatly and tightly packing away in hand-baskets, while others were engaged in the less elegant occupation of smearing large flat trays with cow-dung; and before each house numbers of these trays were drying in the sun, preparing to be the first home of silk-worms. When we arrived at the house of Jirius the priest, his daughter brought us out a trayful to inspect. The old man himself was seated on his balcony smoking a *narghileh*, and enjoying the soft evening air and the lovely view. He was a venerable patriarch, retired from active sacerdotal functions, and apparently spending a peaceful old age in the bosom of his family. The whole population of this village was Maronite; and strolling through it we came upon one of the churches—a massive square building, which had been in old time a Matawaly fort. We were joined here by the priest who officiated in it,—a jovial, middle-aged man, who turned out somewhat of a wag, and who appeared to be esteemed not so much for his saintly character as for his wealth—Abdulla informing me, in an undertone of the deepest respect, that he was worth a sum equivalent to £4,000, and was the richest man in the village. Indeed Maronite clergy as a rule, unlike the priesthoods elsewhere, are the richest class in the country; and it is doubtless largely owing to this fact that they exercise so powerful a political influence on their flocks. When, in addition to controlling the con-

sciences of their congregations, they can also control their pockets, it is evident that by a judicious system of spiritual and temporal squeezing, they may increase both their capital and their influence to any extent. Individually, they are often large landed proprietors; while, collectively, the Church owns a most undue proportion of territory.

From the ridge on which we sat under the shadow of the village church, we could see one episcopal residence, and several convents and monasteries, all occupying the most beautiful sites, for it must be owned the Church has an eye for the picturesque, and all representing large landed possessions, and accumulated wealth. To live upon their flocks like leeches, and to stimulate their religious bigotry and fanaticism, seems to be the principal function of the Maronite priesthood. No doubt there are excellent and devoted men among them, but all the practical difficulty of administering the Lebanon is created by the Church; and a turbulent bishop, whom it had been found necessary to exile, was, at the time of my visit, keeping the whole country in a ferment. The priest took me into the lower part of the curious old building, which was now used as a church, and showed me the vault, which in old times served as a place of refuge for the defenders. It had been supplied with water by a subterranean passage, which had fallen into disrepair, and it communicated with the room above, which was now the church, by a trap-door. The walls were several feet thick, and composed of huge blocks of stone. My reverend guide, who had been smoking and laughing somewhat boisterously at his own jokes, now took me round to the door of the church, laid his cigarette temporarily on the doorsill, and with an instantaneous change of manner, proceeded to kneel and pray vigorously while I inspected the internal decorations, which were of the rudest description. Out of consideration for his cigarette I did not stay long, so as to enable him to finish his prayers and return to it before it went out—a feat he succeeded in achieving, picking it up as well as his jokes at the point where he had been temporarily obliged to suspend them for devotional purposes.

On our return to our lodging we found a sumptuous repast prepared for us; and Abdulla, the son of Jirius the priest, had provided wine of the best, and turned out to be of a most convivial temperament, and

much discomposed at the comparative rapidity with which we despatched our meal; for he had evidently anticipated making a night of it in feasting and drinking. He ate principally with his fingers, which was possibly one reason why he could not keep up with us; but then he also talked incessantly, and was extremely interested in political matters, and especially desirous to know whether Syria was not about to be occupied by England or France, or possibly by both. Throughout the Lebanon, the idea seems firmly fixed in the minds of the people that they are to pass shortly under the domination of a Western power,—a prospect they look forward to with great eagerness. The Maronites would naturally, for the most part, prefer that that power should be France; but the Greek orthodox and the Druses would hail with delight the advent of a British army of occupation. The entire Maronite population of the Lebanon does not exceed one hundred and fifty thousand. Abdulla told us that there were many persons in the village who owned property to the amount of £1,000; and, indeed, gave us to understand that he had more than that himself. On the whole, he professed himself satisfied with the *régime* under which he lived, admitting that he enjoyed protection of life and property, and had nothing to complain of. His idea of a French occupation was merely based upon the vague notion that it would bring more money into the country; but it seemed to me that the Maronites had quite as much money as was good for them, considering how fond they were of it, and how easily, notwithstanding, they allowed themselves to be robbed of it by the Church.

A small boy came and danced and sang before us ere we finally turned in; and the usual group of admiring females lingered to the last moment, while Abdulla disappeared reluctantly, evidently feeling that it might be long ere he should be able again to provide himself with such a good dinner, in his own house, at somebody else's expense. For his hospitality was equal to that of a first-class hotel, so far as prices went, though they took the form, not of paying a bill, but of making presents; so that in our cordial adieux the next morning, we were able to keep up the fiction that we had been indebted to him for a generous and disinterested hospitality, and parted from him as from one who had conferred upon us deep and lasting obligations.

For an hour and a quarter after leaving

Mezra'a, we continued to ascend through vineyards, mulberry-plantations, and wheat-fields carefully irrigated upon the steep hillsides, till we reached an elevation of above six thousand feet, when the cultivation nearly ceased, and on its verge, amid a pile of limestone crags, came upon the ruins of Kalat Fakra, which, considering their extent and importance, do not seem to have received the attention they deserve. A few hundred yards to the left of the limestone rocks, and standing by itself, was a large square tower, partly ruined, which was possibly an old Roman fort, on the portal of which appears an inscription which, according to Ritter, contains the name of the emperor Claudius. The huge masses of rock that separate this tower from the temple, which has been carved out of them, are most fantastic in form, and in places one is almost at a loss to know what is natural and what artificial. The temple, the walls of which are composed of the solid rock, is twenty yards by forty, and its area is now filled with fragments of columns, carved blocks, and square masses of stone. The façade apparently consisted of a portico supported by six massive columns. The carved pedestals of three of these are still standing, but the columns themselves are broken and prostrate. The outer court was thirty yards square, and a portion of the side walls was composed of the natural rock *in situ*. A row of smaller columns, all in fragments, formed the façade. About a hundred yards to the south, near a small stream, were the remains of another smaller building, the lower portion of the massive walls of which were still standing. It was divided by a transverse wall, — one enclosure, which was probably the inner temple, being seven yards square; the other was the outer court, ten yards square. On the borders of the stream were massive stones in such a position as to suggest that a reservoir had in ancient times existed here; and all round were strewn fragments of columns and carved blocks. We lingered longer over these interesting remains than we should have done had we realized the length and difficulty of the journey before us, and we suffered for it later in the day; but my companion could not resist a sketch, and I found abundant occupation in making the rough measurements, which, however, are only approximative, as I had no tape, and it was impossible to pace areas so filled up with huge masses of rock that it was necessary literally to climb across

them; but I have no doubt that these little-known ruins would amply repay a more lengthened investigation than we could afford them. It is possible that Kalat Fakra has already been identified by antiquarians as the site of some Roman town mentioned in history. I have not, since visiting the ruins, had access to books to find out whether this is so or not. It was supplied with water led over a low hill from the Neba-el-Leben, or milk spring. About two miles distant we followed the conduit to this spot, and found a magnificent stream gushing out of the base of the precipitous limestone range with a force and volume sufficient to turn a dozen mills. From here it dashes down in a roaring cataract till it disappears from view in a limestone chasm, where it precipitates itself in a fall of about a hundred feet. One can walk up to this fall from below, but the rocks almost meet overhead, approaching each other so closely just below the fall, that an active man with good nerves could easily spring across. It was, in fact, a feat which would have been eminently tempting in the days of one's youth, and even at a more mature period of life. I felt doubtful whether one ought to resist the instinct which seems implanted by nature of risking one's neck for the fun of the thing. But the object which from this point riveted our attention was the Jisr el Hajar, a huge natural bridge which spanned the gorge a hundred yards or so below the chasm, at an elevation of about a hundred feet from the bed of the torrent. The gorge here is about a hundred and fifty feet across, and the bridge itself is so broad and level that a good carriage-road could be made over it. It is, in fact, a flat piece of limestone rock, from ten to fifteen feet thick, but on the under side it is so perfectly arched as almost to seem artificial. The regular path leads across this bridge, but we had deviated from it in order to visit the spring above. Below the bridge the stream dashes down between precipitous walls of limestone by a series of cascades until it reaches the valley far below, where it is divided into streamlets for irrigating purposes; and the luxuriant hillsides bear testimony to its fertilizing influence. The whole scene was inexpressibly grand and interesting, and well worth a journey in itself. When we add to this wonder of nature and the romantic scenery which surrounds it, the interest that attaches to the remains of an ancient civilization which lie thickly strewn in the immediate vicinity, it is a



matter of surprise that the attractions which they afford should have been allowed to remain so neglected, and that, in these days of enterprising travel, this part of the Lebanon should still be comparatively so little known and explored. For half an hour after leaving the natural bridge we traverse a wild, rocky country to the Neba-el-Asal, or honey spring, a magnificent jet of water which gushes out from below the road. It is neither so full in volume nor so picturesque in its source as the milk spring, but it contributes a copious water-supply to the rich valley below. Both these springs are sources of the Dog River, or Nahr-el-Kelb, which was called by the Greeks the Lycas, or Wolf River, and which empties itself into the sea about ten miles to the north of Beyrout.

We now traversed a wild, desolate region till we came to a patch of cultivation surrounded on all sides by precipitous craggy hills called Shobrah. There are no houses here, but the peasants come up and cultivate it from the nearest village, frequently camping over night. We scarcely see how we are to get out of this walled-in vale, so steep are the hills all round; and although we are at an elevation of about six thousand feet above the sea, the mid-day sun is blazing down upon us, and glaring upon the white rocks up which we are to scramble. It is not a tempting prospect, but there is evidently no escape, except by sheer climbing; so we dismount and reluctantly brace ourselves to the effort. For nearly an hour do we toil up the abominable apology for a path, driving our ponies before us—the flat plates of iron with which they are shod scraping and slipping over the smooth, sloping surface of the rock—till we reach the crest, and then are blandly informed by our guide that he has lost his way. This would have been excusable in a guide whom we had brought from a distance; for goat-paths are not easily distinguishable from real ones on these wild mountain-sides; but inasmuch as we had taken great trouble at Mezra'a to find a man who knew the country, and as we were now not above six hours distant from his permanent home, we felt justly indignant, perhaps more so because we were so excessively tired and hot with a climb, part of which we now began to find was unnecessary; so we had to hark back, passing two very curious punch-bowls, which were perfectly round and looked like craters of extinct volcanoes. We had actually reached the snow, but

we were rewarded by a magnificent view over the valley of the Adonis or Nahr Ibrahim, and slightly consoled by a curious and very picturesque bit of scenery which we should not otherwise have seen. When we got back to the place where the right path diverged we had a second climb to the crest, and then commenced a descent more villainous if possible than the road by which we had mounted. We now began to long for signs of a habitation and a halting-place: there can be no doubt that the most exquisite scenery to a certain extent loses its charm if one looks at it on an empty stomach.

In places during our journey to-day there had been almost a carpet of wild flowers. Where the rocks gave them room they bloomed luxuriantly. Many of them I did not know by name, but I recognized the burnet, the sword-flag, especially among the young crops, where there were any—and wild flax, and a fine specimen of Persian iris. When we got to the bottom of the hill we found ourselves upon a ledge or natural terrace overlooking the gorge of the Adonis, and along this we rode for an hour and a half to the head of the valley: for above all things we had set our hearts upon seeing Afka, once the abode of the goddess of love, and the source of the Adonis; and we had determined not to linger by the way, even to eat, until we had reached it. And when at length, on turning the angle of a projecting spur, the sacred, or perhaps, more properly speaking, the profane, spot burst suddenly upon us, it was impossible to withhold an exclamation of astonishment and delight; and we felt it incumbent upon us to pause, even at the expense of suffering nature, in order thoroughly to take in the marvellous and unique beauty of the scene. We found ourselves on the lip of a bowl from which the river issued through a gorge, and which was almost completely surrounded by sheer cliffs, varying in height from one to two thousand feet, their crevices filled with snow, and here and there a hardy pine clinging to the jutting crags. A couple of hundred feet below us the small circular area was a mass of vegetation, consisting chiefly of walnut, oak, and juniper trees; while there were patches of cultivation appertaining to a squalid Matawaly village, just peeping out from under the foliage at the head of the gorge. By the side of the stream near the base of the cliff a clump of walnut-trees indicated the site of the once celebrated temple, and close to it was a picturesque bridge, from

under which the torrent plunges in a mass of foam, and then precipitates itself in three cascades into the gorge below; but the most remarkable feature is the main source itself, which issues from a deep cavern in the side of the cliff by a fall of about forty feet. It is joined by two other smaller streams, which also break their way out of the side of the rock at some height above its base, forming altogether a combination of springs so singular for situation, and surrounded by such a weird and fantastic natural formation, that it was no wonder it appealed to the æsthetic imaginations of the votaries of Venus, and became the scene of a touching mythological episode. It became worse than this; for in this temple of Apeca, beneath the crumbling walls of which we halted for our scanty meal, those rites sacred to the goddess took place, which at last became so impure that the temple itself was destroyed by the emperor Constantine. When we lunched on the margin of the brook it was clear as crystal, falling in pellucid cascades from its threefold source; but it is said that it is occasionally colored red with mineral matter, which the ancients regarded as the blood of Adonis, shed by the wild boar before he was sought for and resuscitated by Aphrodite. While the cult of the goddess had its seat at Apeca, that of Adonis took place at Byblos, the modern Jibeil, situated about four miles to the north of the mouth of the river which bore the name of the god. There can be little doubt that the legend sprang from the early Phœnician worship of the dual principle. For Byblos was said to have been founded by Baal Kronos, a Phœnician monarch; and it is not difficult to trace the connection between the early Canaanitish religion of Baal and Ashteroth with the myth of Osiris and Isis and the legend of Venus and Adonis. Apeh, in the land assigned by Joshua to, but never occupied by, the tribe of Asher, has been identified with Afka, or Apeca.

We regretted that we had not time thoroughly to explore a spot so enchanting in itself and invested with traditions and associations of so interesting a character. Unfortunately we had lingered too long over the ruins of Kalat Fakra in the morning; and the delay involved by the subsequent loss of our way had made it problematical whether we should succeed in reaching our night-quarters at all. This would not have signified had we kept our baggage-mule with us, but we had sent him by a short cut to the town of

Ghazir, which we had fixed upon as our sleeping-place; and we now found ourselves, late in the afternoon, still many hours distant from that spot, with every prospect of having to rough it out on the mountains. There was a Matawaly village, it is true, scarce a mile distant; but the bigotry, squalor, and dishonesty of the Matawalies form a combination so little tempting that the hillside would have been preferable. So we determined to make a push for Ghazir, and reluctantly turned our backs upon the mystic grove amid which the walls of the temple are crumbling. In places these are standing to a height of ten or twelve feet from the ground; and the blocks of which they are composed are so massive that there is no reason why they should not continue to remain as they are until they are toppled over by an earthquake.

We had hoped to explore the valley of the Adonis itself, but our guide told us there was no possibility of taking a horse through the narrow gorges and chasms by which it forces its way to the sea. He said that even on foot it was difficult and dangerous climbing. But I have no confidence in his accuracy, and would recommend the examination of this valley to the tourist in search of the picturesque. I have not heard of any one having explored its recesses. The paths from Afka seem to keep along the tops of the hills on either side; and to our intense disgust we found ourselves, instead of following the stream as we expected, retracing our steps along the ridge for an hour, and then, instead of plunging down into the gloomy gorge, we turned away from it. We saw enough to tempt us sorely to linger where we were for the night, and make an exploratory dash in spite of the guide in the morning; but unfortunately I was due at Beyrout to catch a steamer, and could only gaze wistfully over a landscape whose secrets it remains for some more fortunate traveller to discover. Still we had no reason to complain, for though our path led us away from the precipitous sides of the gorge of the Adonis, it wound over a shoulder, from the crest of which the view in the evening light was one of exquisite beauty; and from it we descended into a smaller valley, where pendulous forests of oak clung to the hillsides, and the limestone formation cropped out in the strange, fantastic forms common to a dolomite region. We had to scramble down stone stairways, the descent seaward now becoming rapid and trying to man and beast. In mercy to

ourselves and our animals we dismounted, and one secluded nook again almost induced us to halt; for, nestling among the rocks which enclosed a perfect garden of vines, mulberries, and fruit-trees, were the picturesque abodes of the Maronite peasants, who had settled themselves here high up among the mountains in a tiny amphitheatre, sheltered by woods and rocks, and hidden away from the busy world in a corner of their own. And now, as we traversed another belt of wild, uninhabited country, the night began to close in, and in the growing darkness the natural obstacles seemed to assume greater proportions. Every peasant we met added on an hour to the distance still to be traversed, and at last we became so sceptical as to our whereabouts, that we took one of them for an extra guide. We had now crossed over from the valley of the Nahr Ibrahim or Adonis into that of the Nahr Máamilten, a thickly populated and luxuriantly cultivated district, the beauties of which were concealed from us by the darkness; but the numerous lights which twinkled on the hillsides all round, bore testimony to the density of the population. At last, after fifteen hours of saddle and foot scramble, the welcome sounds of a chorus of barking dogs indicated our approach to a large town.

For the last hour the descent had been rocky and precipitous in the extreme, and it was a marvel how our ponies found their way in the darkness along the dangerous ledges and over the steep, slippery rocks. But our troubles were not at an end: it was between nine and ten at night, and we had still, in a town of about eight thousand inhabitants, to find our mule. We made for the monastery to which the muleteer had been directed, and where we hoped to find accommodation; but after much knocking and shouting, a surly, half-dressed ecclesiastic put his head out of the window, and gruffly told us that the monastery was full, and that he had sent away our muleteer hours before, and he did not know where he had gone. We tried at one or two good-looking houses where the inhabitants had not gone to bed, but they were sleepy and disinclined to be hospitable; and we wandered helplessly about in the dark, objects of suspicion and distrust to innumerable noisy curs. At last a priest, who spoke French, came and took compassion on us. He had a friend, he said, who would take us in, and another friend who would go in search of the muleteer. So he took us to a very nice house, the occupants of

which were a young man and a young woman and a baby. The baby was the young man's, and the young woman was his sister-in-law, who was performing the duties of wet-nurse as an act of sisterly accommodation. The wife was not visible, but they both seemed extremely anxious to make us comfortable, and sent out to wake up the chemist and buy us tea. We were to share their apartment with them; but as it was a large one, and the baby was of an amiable and easily soothed type, that did not much matter. In fact, under the circumstances, there seemed no impropriety in our occupying the same room with the young man and his sister-in-law—quite the contrary. I half suspected the priest intended to join us, he seemed so very much at home; and we made ourselves as agreeable as wearied, famished men, in the worst possible temper at there being no immediate prospect of food, could do, when suddenly the news arrived that the mule with all our raiment and provisions had been found. Our hearts bounded with joy; but our hosts, as the prospect of well-remunerated hospitality vanished, became despondent. We were received with open arms in our new quarters, and had quite a levee after dinner, notwithstanding the advanced hour of the night. The priest turned out a most enlightened and intelligent man; and as we were here at the very headquarters of Maronite feeling and sentiment, it was interesting to hear his political opinions and those of our host and his neighbors.

I found they differed considerably from those of their religion with whom I had already conversed. As a rule, the instinct of the Maronite is to consider that his religion should be the dominant influence in the Lebanon, and that, practically, the governor-general of the province should be the servant of the Maronite episcopate. Ever since they have enjoyed the special protectorate of the French, their pretensions have become thus exaggerated; and it is only of late, since a republican form of government has modified the clerical influence in the administration of the foreign affairs of France, that the more intelligent section of the Maronites see that they had better enjoy the privileges which now insure them protection and material prosperity, than struggle for an influence which would only increase religious animosities in the Lebanon against them. Notwithstanding the special relations which exist between England and the Druses, who are the traditional ene-

mies of the Maronites, the latter are most anxious to cultivate the friendship of the British government; for the more intelligent among them cannot conceal from themselves that, in the present state of France, even French interests in the East might be sacrificed to the intensity of anti-clerical animosity, and the Maronites would find themselves abandoned by their present protectors, on the ground that the tie which binds them to France is rather an ecclesiastical than a political one. The disposition which has recently manifested itself in England to rush to the rescue of any sect in Turkey, provided that it bears the name of Christian, and can draw up petitions complaining of ill-treatment by the Turks, has encouraged the Maronites to believe that, on the sentimental ground of "cross against crescent," they would find the sympathies of the so-called Liberal party in England ready to pronounce in their favor, and undertake, if necessary, a religious crusade in their behalf. Indeed, among other sects as well as the Maronites, I found the idea prevalent that a British occupation of Syria was probable. And they indulge in the vague hope that such an occupation would benefit them, and might possibly lead to their ultimate independence; but what race or religion would dominate in the end they are unable to decide—each naturally thinks his own would—though they cannot deny that much bloodshed must necessarily precede any such result, and that in the mean time they have practically nothing to complain of. My hosts and the priests informed me that popular feeling in Ghazir was pretty equally divided between those who were satisfied with the political condition of things as they are, and with the administration of the existing governor-general, and those who desired to see a change in the executive which should give them a larger share of political power. He believed, and rightly, that any attempt on the part of the Maronites to grasp at more than they have got, would bring them into dangerous collision with other sects, and might lead to injury to the Church. The fact is, the Maronite priesthood is so much better off than any other priesthood in the world, that the less attention they attract to themselves the better. They are all-powerful among their own flocks. Practically every Maronite community is self-governing, and the ecclesiastical interest is dominant. To want to extend that influence over Druses and Greeks would be suicidal, and this the more sen-

sible perceive. But the more ambitious among the bishops are absorbed with a craving for complete rule, and are never satisfied unless their control of the governor-general is supreme. In conversation with Maronites, I failed to discover one substantial cause of grievance. In no part of the world is a peasantry to be seen more happy and prosperous; and however much the Turkish government may be to blame in its administration of the Moslem part of its population in other parts of Syria, there can be no doubt that the Maronites of the Lebanon are far better treated than they would be in any country where the head of the State professed the Greek instead of the Mohammedan religion. No doubt this has been due to external pressure, which Western powers would not dare to apply to a European power under similar circumstances. On the other hand, it is only fair to give the Maronite Church its due. It carefully feeds and pampers the goose that lays the golden egg. If it knows how to squeeze a pliable peasantry, it is far too wise to oppress or tyrannize over them. Hence Church farms are eagerly sought for, because in good years the tenants get as large a share of the produce as on private estates; while in bad years the liberality of their priestly landlords insures them against the misery too often in store for ordinary farmers. It is a question, therefore, whether they are not better off, treated as children by a priesthood which despoils them with foresight and discrimination, than they would be if left to take care of themselves, a prey to the competitive plundering of the uncontrolled lay usurers of Christian sects generally. As, with the exception of England, there is no country in Europe which enjoys such complete religious toleration as Turkey, it is evident that a small sect has great opportunities for favorable development, provided it can be exempted from the onerous pecuniary burdens which the embarrassed financial condition of the empire have rendered necessary.

Since the special regulations of 1860 have imposed upon the Maronites a tax far too light considering the resources of their country, they have, in spite of clerical absorptiveness, been happy and prosperous; but it would be absolutely impossible to deal with all the religious sects in the country in this exceptional manner, considering the present state of the Turkish exchequer.

The two problems, the solution of which

underlies all reform in Turkey, are those of religion and revenue. They are both problems which can be far more satisfactorily settled on the spot than from Constantinople; and hence it is that the surest method of introducing reform is by a process of decentralization. Without giving to other *vilayets* the exceptional privileges which the Lebanon enjoys, the power of the *vali* or governor-general of each province might be increased, while his responsibility to the central government would be proportionally augmented. The *vilayet* might be periodically assessed according to its resources, but the method of collecting the revenue would be a matter for the local government to determine. A provincial administration, presided over by an intelligent governor-general, would be far more competent to reform existing financial and sectarian abuses than a fluctuating ministry at Constantinople, liable to be acted upon by influences brought to bear by intriguers from those distant provinces hostile to the action of the governor-general. Each *vali* would then feel that his reputation was at stake. He could not plead interference from Constantinople as an excuse for religious persecution or a deficient revenue. If he failed to remedy abuses and give satisfaction he would be alone to blame, and could be at once withdrawn, and the empire would be consolidated by the removal of just causes of discontent springing from intrigues by which powerful men in the provinces can resist any attempt to reform abuses upon which they thrive at the expense of the poorer part of the population.

Many of the evils from which poor Christians suffer arise from the oppression of their wealthy co-religionists. And the Moslem governor is unable to assist the poor Christian in his struggle against the rich one, because the latter has influential friends among the Christian *effendis* at Constantinople, who support him against the Moslem *vali*. Of the two, the Christian governing element at Constantinople is a greater obstacle to reform than the Mohammedan; for the Moslem is a more tolerant man in his treatment of rival Christian sects than those rival Christian sects are of each other; while in the provinces there is no Moslem priesthood to fatten upon the peasantry of their own religion, nor do rich Moslems squeeze the life-blood out of their co-religionists as rich Christians do. The power of Christians in Turkey, and especially at Constantinople, to co-operate in

the work of reform, if they chose to exercise it, is very great; for they fill high offices in every department of State, and take a most active share in the government of the empire. Unfortunately they are the class most open to the corrupt influences which maintain abuses. It is not, therefore, either for them or their co-religionists to denounce as incorrigible oppressors those whose efforts to introduce reform they most persistently thwart.

One or two instances which have come under my own immediate notice will illustrate the influence for evil of the rival sacerdotalisms as they exist in Turkey. A Protestant was murdered not long since under circumstances which left no moral doubt in the minds of those who investigated the case, of the guilt of the man suspected of the crime. I assisted in collecting the evidence, and went through it carefully with those who were charged to examine into the attendant circumstances. The chain of proof was so strong that the man was arrested, and upon one occasion I attended the *medjlis*, upon which, if I remember rightly, the Christian members preponderated, when he was brought up for examination. The prisoner was born of Christian parents, belonging to the orthodox Greek Church, but in early life had come to England, where I had seen him twenty-five years previously, a specimen convert to Protestantism, and making a very good thing out of his conversion. His only hope of escape now consisted in a recantation of this error, and in the profession of an ardent adherence to the Church of his fathers. Conviction then became impossible. The bishop and the entire "orthodox" community of the place in which the murder had been committed took the case up. The head of the police, who was a Moslem, but open to influences, which are doubly powerful where the salaries of officials are not regularly paid, was won; the Christian members of the *medjlis* did not dare to incur the hostility of their co-religionists by an impartial administration of justice when the murdered man was a Protestant. One or two of the Moslem members proved themselves incorruptible, but they were unable to bring out the facts of the case, because not only the witnesses, but some of the officials who had been charged with the prosecution of it, were threatened by the bishop with his spiritual displeasure if they ventured to press further in the matter; one, consequently, withdrew alto-



gether. And in spite of the most active exertions of those who desired to have a fair trial, which should elicit the truth and bring the criminal to justice, it was found impossible to proceed with it with any such hope or expectation, and the man was ultimately released on bail, with a verdict which amounted to not proven. Christians allege that it is difficult to bring a Moslem to justice who has murdered a Christian, but it is still more difficult to bring a Christian to justice who has murdered one of a rival sect, if the sect of the murderer predominates in the community. On one occasion I was travelling with a friend in another part of the country when he was robbed of a pistol by a guide who belonged to the Catholic Church. He had originally been "orthodox," but found it convenient to change his religion; and he had actually been in the service of a Catholic archbishop. It was rumored that he had been dismissed by his Eminence for misconduct. We put the necessary machinery in motion to have the man caught, and his character and antecedents investigated. It occurred to me that the archbishop could throw considerable light on the subject, and I suggested to the official who was most energetically prosecuting his researches, that we should apply for information and assistance to the head of the Church to which the thief belonged, and in whose service he had been. I was astonished to find my proposal scouted as most injudicious. "Why," said the intelligent and experienced functionary, "the thief is a convert; and so far from helping us to find him, the archbishop, if he knew we were after him, would do all he could to screen him!" For the credit of the archbishop, I hope this was a libel on his character; but whether it was one or not, it came to pretty much the same thing. We were afraid to risk the experiment in consequence of the notorious manner in which Christian ecclesiastics in Turkey perpetrate injustices and screen crimes, in order to gratify their religious animosities, or to promote their sectarian ends. So far as the Turks are concerned, the most hopeless feature of their case lies in the fact that the wealth of the country is in the hands of their bitterest enemies. It is only natural that, secretly, all Christians, no matter what their position, rank, or sect, should wish for the overthrow of the dominant religion, and that they should take advantage of the power which their financial resources give them to encompass the destruction of the

Moslem, either by corrupting or impoverishing him. Hence it is that Moslems instinctively fear all schemes of reform which shall increase the power of the Christians, and the Christians are not anxious to see reforms inaugurated, if the result is to improve the administration generally, and so to consolidate the Turkish empire by the prevention of abuses which they now *exploiter* to their own profit. Our late experience in Cyprus is an illustration of this. There can be little doubt if the Bishop of Citium were asked which rule he preferred, British rule or Turkish, he would unhesitatingly reply in favor of the latter.

We constantly see in private life a domestic situation not very dissimilar to that which the Turk and the Christian occupy relatively to one another. In public, the Turk plays the part of the harsh and cruel husband, and the Christian that of the poor, ill-used, downtrodden wife: but when you come to get behind the scenes, you often find that the wife is at heart a shrew; that she generally manages to get her own way; practically controls all the domestic arrangements, and squeezes as much money out of her husband as she wants; and that, though he scarcely suspects it himself, and glories in the external semblance of an arbitrary and despotic matrimonial authority, the husband is in reality a henpecked and sorely abused individual. There are other political *ménages* quite as bad as that of Turkey, but all Europe does not feel itself called upon to interfere and set the domestic squabble right. In Russia, for instance, because the government is not Moslem but Christian, the sufferings of thousands of exiles and political convicts awake no outbursts of sympathy. Christians are not Nihilists in Turkey, because they are too well off, and having the purse-strings of the country in their hands, have no sympathy with their less fortunate co-religionists in Russia, who have entered upon a crusade for the annihilation of private property. The massacre of the liberties of thousands, we may almost say of millions, of Christians, is not, in modern parlance, called an "atrocious," provided those who perpetrate it also bear the name of Christian and wear the varnish of modern civilization. In the case of Bulgaria, the massacre had its origin in a popular revolt, stimulated by political and religious fanaticism, and instigated from abroad. It was not a deliberate official act, perpetrated with the sanction of the govern-

ment, yet it appealed so strongly to the Christian sensibilities of the powers of Europe, that they allowed hecatombs to be slaughtered to avenge it. And there can be no doubt, that if to-morrow the Turkish government were to exile its Christian subjects in the same proportion annually as the Russian government does, the latter would be the first to invoke Christian sympathy in their favor. So far as the unhappy victim is concerned, it can make no difference what the religious tenets of his oppressor may be. To Europe it makes all the difference in the world. Possibly the Creator may take the victim's view of the case. I refrained from propounding these views to my friend the priest of Ghazir, as he probably would not have agreed with them. And indeed the subject has been worn so threadbare, that I must apologize for alluding to it; but as many of the authorities who have written and spoken upon it in England, have found it so interesting that they have constructed their very decided opinions for the most part out of their intuitive consciousness, without local investigation, they will readily understand how difficult I find it to have lived and travelled at various times both in Turkey and in Russia without having formed an opinion of some sort.

The Maronites derive their name from a certain heretical monk named Maron, who is said to have lived about four hundred years after Christ, and whose heresy consisted in the dogma that Christ was animated by one will only. As the Catholic Church knew to the contrary, his followers, though otherwise Romanists, were compelled to form a sect of their own, and were only subjected to the authority of the pope about the year 1600, after a Collegium Maronitarum had been founded at Rome, where a number of Maronite scholars distinguished themselves. A thorough investigation as to the nature and composition of the will of the Saviour appears to have enabled them to arrive at a conclusion satisfactory to the pope; and a reconciliation took place, from which they have, ever since, derived great political benefit and many substantial advantages.

The Maronite Church still possesses many special privileges, including that of reading mass in Syrian, which answers quite as well as Latin, as nobody can understand it, except at the village of Malula, as I have already described. The inferior clergy also retain the right to marry. The patriarch is elected by

the bishops, subject to the approval of Rome. The monasteries in the district round Ghazir, and in the district of Bssherreh, are, some of them, very handsome, and contain about two thousand monks. In some of them are printing-presses for their liturgies and other works.

Ghazir is beautifully situated at an elevation of twelve hundred feet above the sea, and about four miles distant from it by the road. There are an abundance of churches and monasteries in the town and its neighborhood. The Italian, Capuchin, and the Jesuit monasteries occupy the finest situations, and from both magnificent views are to be obtained: to the east, looking up the valley by which we had descended the night before; and to the west over the Bay of Juneh, round which richly cultivated hills teeming with population rise in a verdant amphitheatre reminding one of the Bay of Naples, while a village resembling Sorrento juts out on a promontory at the other end of the bay. A zigzag carriage-road has been constructed from Ghazir to the beach, though it is difficult to see for what purpose, as no wheeled vehicle, as yet, can approach either end of it. We were very glad to find a mark of civilization affording such a contrast to the paths over which we had been recently scrambling; and still more pleased to be galloping over the hard sea-beach, halting only at a too tempting spot to take a plunge into the waves. We were now on the high-road from Tripoli to Beyrout, and in a couple of hours after leaving Ghazir reached Nahr-el-Kelb. I was here on familiar ground, but I was glad of the opportunity of visiting it again. The river, which we had already seen at the wonderful springs which form its source, here forces its way through a picturesque ravine; and high up on the face of the cliff is an old aqueduct, its arches buried in creepers, mosses, and damp vegetation, while the river itself is spanned by a picturesque bridge; and the road, after crossing it, is hewn out of the rock, and overhangs the sea as it winds its way round the projecting promontory. Near the bridge there is an Arabic inscription on a large slab of rock, announcing that it was restored by Sultan Selim I. (son of Bajasid II.), the conqueror of Syria, in 1520. There is also, not far distant, on the other side of the stream, a Latin inscription cut in the rock, informing us that the pass was hewn by the emperor Marcus Aurelius.

Here, too, are those nine different rock-carved sculptures which have furnished a fruitful theme of speculation to antiquarians; but there can be little doubt that they record the progress of conquering armies. Three have been recognized as Egyptian, and six as Assyrian.

Sir H. Layard regards the Assyrian sculptures as the work of Sennacherib, whose name he has deciphered in the nearly obliterated inscriptions. Not being an antiquarian, I was only able, with positive certainty, to recognize two, which, however, possessed a special interest of their own. One was of comparatively recent date; but owing to the hardness of the rock, the artist had failed to carve the first letter with any distinctness. The remaining characters — "m i t h" — were, however, perfectly decipherable, and left no doubt in my mind as to the meaning and origin of the inscription. The other, which had been engraved apparently under an impulse similar to the English one, was in French; and its date — 1860 — was clearly defined. It was deeply cut on a slab, upon part of which was still traceable the figure of an Assyrian king, with a curly beard, in a long robe, with the Kidaris cap on his head. The left hand, placed against the breast, is holding a sceptre, while with the right he is apparently in the act of presenting something. The remainder of this tablet was covered with cuneiform characters, recording the conquest of Cyprus by the Assyrians, and with a still more important inscription recounting the triumphs of the French army in Syria under General de Hautpol. In consequence of the length and depth of this latter inscription, and the somewhat submissive attitude of the Assyrian king, who looks as if he was offering something to the French general, this part of the tablet presents a much fresher and more imposing appearance than the engraved records either of Sennacherib or of Smith.

---

From Blackwood's Magazine.  
A POOR DEVIL.

I.

"No, I never played Romeo; Mercutio was my part. I was always at my best where a certain humor or mockery was required — a something sardonic, a knowledge of the world. I played the lover, too, in my day, and with some success —

on the stage, on the stage, of course — ha, ha! — not without success." Here the old gentleman pushed out his chest and inhaled the fragrance of his glass. Tom Bolivar winked as if he would call the attention of the company to the consummate art with which he had drawn out the old gentleman. To me it seemed that this task was as easy as to draw the cork of a soda-water bottle in the sun; and furthermore, that if any power had drawn the old gentleman out, it was whiskey. He certainly paid more attention to the whiskey than to the rest of the company. He was very sociable, and liked to have friends about him; but he always seemed to me to take us collectively, and barely to recognize individuals. I suspect that he was very shy in his youth! Even at this time he was very silent until the labors of the day were done and he had had a glass or two. When he did begin to speak, he was apt to speak a good deal; but he seemed to address himself to his tumbler, and we might listen if we chose. I always chose. I was a young man still, and a shy man — probably the shyest man in that festive club. Therefore I was glad when the old gentleman began to talk, for I could listen as well as anybody — probably better than any other member, for most of us were wits. Sometimes I fancied that the old gentleman looked at me out of the corner of his eye, that he came nearer to talking to me than to the others. I was almost sure that we understood each other a little — that there was an uneasy fluttering sympathy between us. I used to suspect that some day, or rather some night, he would ask me to lend him money. Luckily I had not got any. I had often given him cigars. He offered me a pinch of snuff once rather shakily. I did not take it, because I don't like snuff. He was not offended; indeed I am not sure that he meant to offer it to me: perhaps he was only pushing the box about; he had a trick of pushing things about on the table. If he was naturally shy he must have suffered much, for he was an actor all his life, and had been thrown with all sorts of people. He had had some good engagements, but, if Tom Bolivar were right, they were not due to his own merits. Tom always declared that he never could act. The old gentleman thought that he not only had been, but was still, an uncommonly good actor. I am no judge of acting.

"No," continued the old gentleman after a pause, "oddly enough I never did

play Romeo — and I daresay that I never shall." Here Tom laughed; and the old gentleman flushed a little as he said, "I have a good leg still."

"There's no deficiency at that end," remarked Tom to his neighbor, in that hoarse tone which he always means for a whisper. It was held in the club that the old gentleman was deaf: I hoped that he was. He was silent for a while; but when the waiter unbidden had brought a fresh tumbler, the stream began to flow again.

"Did you ever see my poor dear wife's Juliet?" He appeared to ask the question of the whiskey, and he certainly expected no answer, for he continued without a pause; "She was the best Juliet I ever saw; there was a romance, a something poetical, if I may say so. One does not see such acting nowadays." Tom winked at us furiously, as if we did not all know as well as he that, when the old gentleman began to talk about his late wife, he was likely to talk about her at some length. I sometimes think that Tom was meant for a showman. Tom had often pointed out to us that it was strange in the old gentleman to be so fond of this subject of conversation, because the deceased lady had been very eccentric in her conduct, and more monotonous on the stage than off it. Now, when the old gentleman paused in his praises of this lady, Tom with a very sly look asked if he *never* played Romeo to her Juliet.

"Never," said the old gentleman, and after that he became silent. He went away early; and then somebody raised the question whether Tom had not hurt his feelings. Tom was vastly indignant, and maintained that it was impossible that the old gentleman could have understood his innuendo. Tom regards himself as a master of delicate innuendo, and thinks that there are few people of intellect fine enough to understand his allusions. On this occasion he got rather warm, and hinted that we were unworthy of subtle humor. He spoke most disrespectfully of the old gentleman, and declared that no hint was plain enough for his comprehension. "Hurt his feelings!" cried Tom, scornfully. "You might talk of him under his nose for an hour, and he would not find out that you were not talking of Herr von Bismarck. He went about singing his wife's praises like a bird with one note; and all the time everybody knew —" and Tom finished his sentence with a toss of the head and a contemptuous shrug of his big shoulders.

"And since his wife died, is the tedious old man any better? Doesn't he come here night after night and tell us of the points she made as Juliet or Beatrice, or Julia in the 'Hunchback.' And if we are spared the mother for one night, we have a double dose of her daughter. The old dotard bleats over that girl, as if —" Tom did not finish the sentence save with a contemptuous cloud of smoke; and I thought I might ask a question.

"He did teach her to act, didn't he?" I said.

"He never learned to act himself," said Tom, and he laughed as if he had launched an epigram. We all laughed; we were very kind to each other's jokes.

"Perhaps you admire the old gent's acting," Tom said to me. "If so, now's your chance: he plays Mephistopheles next week. He fancies himself in the part. He has done it a great many times in the provinces. You had better go and see him. I daresay there will be room in the theatre."

We all laughed again, but I did not laugh well, for I did not like having the talk directed at me.

"You know that he is at his best where a certain humor or mockery is required, a something weird and sardonic." We all laughed at the imitation of the old gentleman's voice and manner. We always laughed at Tom's imitations, which were wonderfully clever; and yet I never could see the resemblance of the old gentleman to Tom's imitation of him.

"And the girl does Margaret," said Tom, when he had done laughing; "there will be lots of people to go and see her — always lots of shirt-fronts where she plays. We all know her great talents — a plump figure and an eye. She has the deuce of an eye." He looked very knowing, and so did most of us.

"I don't wish you to suppose for a moment," began Tom again, "that I would say anything against the old gent. Nobody is fonder of the old gent than I am; and, by George! his trust in women would be beautiful if it weren't so damned idiotic."

Then we all declared, or muttered, or asserted by a nod, that we were fond of the old gentleman.

## II.

I HAVE said that I was a young man ten years ago, when that festive club was in full swing, and the old gentleman came there every night after the theatre. I went very often to the play at that time;

but I doubt if I should have gone to a revival of an old stage version of Goethe's "Faust," had I not been curious to see the old gentleman as Mephistopheles. I was young then, and was pleased by the knowledge that the actor playing before me was my personal friend. I felt that I enjoyed a certain superiority over the other young men, who did not know Mephistopheles at home. However, on the night on which I went to see the old gentleman act, there was at least one young man over whom I could claim no superiority. Unluckily he sat in the next stall, and made me feel uncouth. And yet there was nothing remarkable about him, except a self-possession almost insulting to sensitive people. Everything about him was exactly right. He made me feel as if my hair was rough and my dress-boots shapeless. Mephistopheles did not look powerful physically. When he stood still, he generally crossed his right foot over his left, placed his left hand on his hip, and turned his head over his right shoulder. There was something tremulous about the old gentleman in this attitude, which diminished the impression of supernatural power in repose. Something tremulous also about the lips interfered with the clear-cut, sardonic smile which they were meant to wear. Yet the old actor spoke firmly enough, and with good discretion; and the scene of his first meeting with Faust was well received. I fancied that he gave me a kindly glance out of the corner of his diabolical eye. Encouraged by this, and perhaps desiring to assert myself against my well-groomed neighbor in the stalls, I left my seat at the end of the first act, and went behind the scenes that I might pay my respects to Mephistopheles. His profession seemed to give him courage. Dressed in red and under his tall, stiff plume he looked about him more freely. He shook me by the hand, and thanked me for my presence with a flourish of the arm, and a somewhat old-fashioned courtesy.

"I think you do not know my daughter," he said, with a slighter flourish of the other arm towards a young lady who stood a few yards off. I bowed shyly: she nodded, glanced at me for a moment, and then turned her eyes away again as if she were looking for something or somebody. Her glance was peculiar; she did not favor me with a second; so, while her father talked to me of the part and the points, I was able to look at his daughter. Her body was beautifully proportioned, but the curves were a little too full, or

seemed so to me. Her hair was plentiful and fair, but I fancied that even in the sunlight it would have but little warmth or brilliancy. The most striking features were the eyes, which were large, but very deeply set under dark brows and lashes. As I studied those eyes, and paid but slight attention to the critical remarks of the old gentleman, I became by degrees aware that the eyes from out of their strange shadow were looking at me. They were sulky, provoking, and amused. When I was sure that they were fixed upon me, and that my face betrayed my discovery, I expected that they would be turned aside. They continued to regard me with their half-sullen, half-humorous look, until I turned away rather sharply and interrupted the flow of the old gentleman's discourse. He stopped short, supposing that I had some luminous remark to make. I stammered out an apology, and was turning again to seek the front of the house, when I found myself face to face with my neighbor of the stalls. Though I had almost trodden on his shining boot, he regarded me with a face carefully divested of expression. Then he looked beyond me, and I saw that the girl greeted him with a curt nod.

"How d'ye do, my lord?" said the old gentleman, with his most nervous manner. He seemed to have lost his short-lived self-possession. "I hope you like the performance?" he added.

"Uncommon," said the young man briefly, but with more civility than I expected. "How are you?" he asked, as he stepped forward to the side of the girl.

She said nothing, but made a mocking face and rapped the hand, which he was holding out to her, with her fan.

There was something strange in her laugh, something which made me glance at her father. He was fidgety. There was a flush under his eyes, a flush too rosy for Mephistopheles, and the actor pulled a powder-puff from his wallet.

"We are going to begin, my lord," he said quickly.

"Then I must clear out," said the other, and I followed him back to the stalls.

It seemed to me that a change came over the old gentleman's acting. He was at once more natural and less self-possessed. I thought that he was determined to lose himself in his part—to be for a short time the very devil. There was more life in the creature; and yet I felt the effort—the purposed abandonment of himself. Anybody could see that he



was more vigorous, that his favorite Mephistophelian attitude was less shaky; the pit became more attentive, the gallery more excited; there was some applause. At the sound of approval Mephistopheles pricked his ear like a war-horse. He was warmed by that unusual fire: he felt that he was acting with unwonted force. As he opened the jewel-case, and temptation's paste flashed brilliant in the stage gaslight, his mocking laughter rang with startling effect. Even my neighbor in the stalls gave a slight movement. What chance had the paper roses of a cotton-velvet Siebel against that magnificent display?

"Perchance," said Faustus, "she will choose the flowers?"

"Not if she be Eve's daughter," cried the old gentleman with almost hysterical passion.

There was a round of applause, and much laughter of jocular husbands and fathers in the gallery; but it struck me that the devil showed too much emotion. His mockery was surely to fierce. However, it is certain that the old gentleman had never before appeared so strong. He swept Faust into concealment behind a tree with an appearance of power, and he peered forth with terrible malignity to study the working of curiosity. Who could have brought those jewels? When Margaret entering had found the casket, she raised her eyes. I thought that she was looking at me. The shadows under the dark brows were turned in my direction: I felt rather than saw the half-closed eyes in the shadows. In a moment I knew that I was mistaken—that I had been thrilled in vain; and I laughed at my vanity. She was looking at my neighbor with a look both defiant and bored, which was quite out of keeping with the character which she played. When that sensible woman, Martha, found the girl with diamonds in her ears, and discerned the situation in an instant, Margaret betrayed but little astonishment.

"'Tis a present from a lover—perhaps from a rich lord who has fallen in love with you," cried the fat little housewife. "A lover! O heavens!" said the girl, and made a motion which lacked impulse, as if she would take the jewels from her ears. Indeed this was a phlegmatic Gretchen. I turned my eyes from her to her father, who was sneaking from the stage. The old gentleman had some elaborate stage business here, which occupied much time. He moved from covert to covert, and paused in divers attitudes

that he might watch the working of the charm. Now he seemed to be doing the business mechanically. His unusual force had deserted him. His elaborate progress was in slightly wavy lines. His expression was peculiar. Never before on the face of fiend was a look so pathetically human. I passed my hand over my eyes that I might trust my own impression. It was the face of a wan old ghost drawn backward by invisible forces into the shades—a ghost with dim longing eyes fixed on his dearest, who abode in the upper gaslight already forgetful of him. It seemed impossible that the whole house should not discover this unparalleled phenomenon—this impossible devil. I glanced at my next neighbor in the stalls: he was holding his opera-hat against his lips: it was harder than ever to read his expression. I was uncomfortable, as if I were at a double performance—as if two familiar dramas were interwoven in a nightmare. "Sure, 'tis the prince of Trebizond, who is travelling incognito," cried judicious Martha, and Margaret bit her under lip and frowned. She cared not a jot for the character nor the audience. At the end of the second act my neighbor again left his seat, but I did not follow him. I was at once listless and restless.

In the last act the old gentleman played splendidly. I could still detect in him unusual excitement; but I fancied that he was aware of his excitement, and was using it for artistic ends. It filled the lines of his conception with abounding life: instead of a meagre sketch here was a glowing picture; instead of a tremulous but careful player a vivid mocking devil. Within the vast cathedral, where Margaret tries to pray, stands the fiend in shadow, more and less than human, angelic and batlike. The old gentleman was positively appalling. "Close in upon her, spirits of darkness; take your own." Then the demons are heard lowly chanting through the heavenly music, and Margaret falls senseless. This swoon was admirably managed by the girl, who for the rest had played the part poorly enough. The remainder of the great story was disposed of with amazing speed. The butchery of Valentine, the madness of Margaret rushed by to the throb of violins; and there was the old gentleman in the supreme moment. Baffled, he glared at his lost prey, but could still mock all things and himself. "'Tis enough to make the very devil swear to be robbed of such a dainty." There was

such scorn and spite in his words that I turned cold and shuddered. Even the audience were moved; and as the curtain fell there was loud and general applause. The old gentleman stepped out smirking and jaunty, and turned up his weary eyes with the conventional respect for the gallery.

### III.

FOR a long time I saw nothing of the old gentleman. His name vanished from the advertisements of the theatre, where "Faust" had been only a stop-gap. The winter season passed away, and spring was passing — the season in which the fancy of the young man turns so easily loveward. But to what love? In those days I had little to do, save to observe the tricks and oddities of my neighbors. I was an amateur of unconsidered gestures, a delicate discriminator of the tendencies and twists of noses. I was quick in the recognition of people even in a crowd. For such a student, there is no field so delightful as the park. To the park at noon in the early summer flock lazily the fashionable, the beautiful, the eccentric. Suddenly, after a month of east wind the folk of London awoke with amazement to the fact that the chimney-cowls had been turned completely round. They rubbed their dull eyes, but could not rub out the marvel. With what creaking and groaning must those monotonous and depressing monsters, which had stared all one way until mankind had forgotten that there were four quarters of the heavens — with what jerking and metallic wailing must they have accomplished that momentous revolution under the silent and astonished stars! Morning saw them turned towards the north-east; a soft air blew from the south-west, lispings of Africa, wafting swallows homeward, fragrant of violet banks; all colors were straightway deepened and softened; men forgot the sky's hard blue, infrequent amid hail-storms, and looked up gratefully at a soft, deep, bright heaven, where little fleeces were a-drying after storm. They saw, too, with newly awakened eyes that the horse-chestnuts and thorn-bushes were lightly clad in fresh raiment, and that the elms were touched with green. There is nothing more beautiful under heaven than the first green on smoke-begrimed London trees when the west wind is blowing. It is like the singing of Ophelia amid murders and murderous thoughts, or the smile of Victor Hugo for

a child. But these are of those wayward fancies, against which I am warned by more rational persons: They belong to that idle period of my life in which I was no better than a fanciful observer of human quaintness, and before I obtained that post of inspector of infant samplers, which I am assured will be the making of me. But enough of myself. I was but one of those who floated westward to the park and felt the new sweet wind caress my eyes. The day was delightful, and even the most elevated persons seemed pleased to see each other. Very exquisitely dressed men almost smiled as they nodded. As I looked up the row, it seemed full of dark masses of cavalry, while hither and thither between the slow-moving, stately squadrons flitted a light horseman, or a girl on a bright chestnut came bounding. All the chairs beside the way were filled, and before them a crowd were moving, pausing, staring. They were so busy looking at each other, and holding themselves for inspection; so occupied with recurring thoughts, one of the sit of her bonnet, another of the hanging of his coat-tails; so fearful of missing a celebrated personage or being missed by a desirable acquaintance; so eager to see the last new beauty, — that the sky need not have made haste to be so softly blue, nor the trees to put on their new livery. Yet nature fulfilled her modest task of breathing everywhere and through all shrivelled hearts bountiful peace and the stirring of vivid joy. As for me, I walked on air, pleased with the gay throng and with my observation of their manners and the little lines on passing faces. I was walking slowly when my eye was caught by a peculiar motion of a figure beside me. I was on the left of the row, and close to the ponies of the beautiful Lady Manuel, who had stopped her little carriage that she might speak to Captain Milvane. I was respectfully interested in the droop of the lady's head, as she bent towards the gallant gentleman, when my eye was diverted by the movement, half jaunty, half nervous, of which I have spoken. I stopped, and instantly recognized the back of the old gentleman. The back was very tightly buttoned into a smart coat, and had a stiff, almost boarded, appearance about the waist. The glossy hat above it was set a little on one side; the trousers showed a sharp line descending straight to the bright heel and eloquent of early days. It was a well-made-

up and a prosperous back, a back which would increase the hopelessness of the unfortunate. As I was noting its characteristics, the glossy hat came off with a flourish. A handsome phaeton was passing quickly up the park. I instantly recognized the driver, who was sitting up with an expression of profound indifference, and allowing his beasts to travel as they would. It was my neighbor of the playhouse. He seemed unconscious of the old gentleman's salute; but beyond him a bonnet was visible for a moment; I inferred that a woman had nodded. The old gentleman looked after the carriage as if he were not unwilling to advertise his connection with so irreproachable a vehicle. He had replaced his hat at an angle a little more jaunty; he patted his collar, touched his cravat with his finger-tips, and swung round to continue his stroll. As he moved he caught sight of me. I was sure that he saw me, for the color came with a suddenness most unusual in an old cheek, and there was an unnatural stiffness about the head and neck as he stared intently far away towards the Knightsbridge Barracks. I had moved towards him, but I stopped abruptly. It was clear that my study of the old gentleman was to be strictly confined to that smart but unsympathetic back, rigidly artistic, but lamentably deficient in human nature. I was hurt. I crossed the row and inserted myself into the denser crowd on the other side. I had not moved far when, glancing across the green on my right, I saw the phaeton coming down by the Serpentine. The speed had sunk almost to a walk; the driver seemed equally well pleased. An idle curiosity induced me to turn back, and I reached the end of the row before the carriage. It was clear that the placid charioteer had no intention of stopping where some great ladies had pulled up their ponies by the way. He dropped his whip across his animals; they sprang forward, and as they sprang I saw for a moment the face of the lady. It was the face of the whilom Margaret, the daughter of the old gentleman. I was tired, out of humor with the unrecognized loveliness of the day; I found that one of my boots hurt me; I remembered a stupid call which I was bound to make. I held up my stick to a hansom, got myself well into a corner for fear of draughts (after all, this early summer weather is treacherous — perhaps all weather is treacherous — perhaps all things are treacherous, and all people), and so went home.

## IV.

FOR some years past the duties of that office which is to be the making of me, and which necessitate some travel, have taken up so much of my time that I have made little use of my power of nice observation. Noses have passed me unobserved. Perhaps for that reason the images of traits noted in my idle period remain no jot less clear in my memory. I often conjured up the figure of the old gentleman with his tricks of hand, his stiff but tremulous aversion of the head and eyes, the conflicting lines of his face. Of the man I saw nothing for years. I was busy with my new duties, went but little to any club, and never to the park at a fashionable hour, lest I should be still writ in the list of the unemployed. I once asked Tom Bolivar if he knew anything of our common friend. Tom instantly became denunciatory but mysterious. He exploded into hot and angry words, which quickly descended into mutterings. I am never sure how much Tom knows. He seems to know everything — he seems never to admit the possibility of incomplete knowledge of anything — and yet at times I find myself doubting if he be anything better than a blatant and baffle-headed fellow. I could not tell how much he knew about the old gentleman; if he knew anything about him, it was clearly something to his disadvantage.

Much occupied with the duties of my office, launched on so desirable a stream of the political irrigation-system, ambitious of further successes, I was slowly losing the habit of recalling the old gentleman to mind, when I saw him again. I shall see him no more. Only a few weeks have passed since our meeting. It was in the morning, for I had taken a holiday. I rarely indulge myself with a holiday; but it was a slack time with us, and the supply of samplers at the central office, where I was working at the moment, was unusually small. Let me confess my weakness; I treated myself to a walk in the park. It was late in May; summer had stolen upon us, capricious, in short-lived beauty; fresh green was everywhere, and the grass where it was allowed to grow was rich and yellow with buttercups. After noon it was almost too hot; my pace fell to a crawl; my mind, relieved from the cares of office, began to resume its old habits; I noted little turns of the head, nervous laughs and coughs, tricks which a philosophical friend ascribes to

our insular shyness. Tom Bolivar is not shy. While I was musing, he came and seized me by the arm. I should have liked to shake myself free of him, but I have not enough strength of mind to hurt anybody's feelings. Tom is not nice in the park. He is a little rough in dress and manner, rather loud of voice, and fond of being looked at. I suppose that he is a fine-looking fellow; he is certainly big. He is burly, and heavy for a young man; I suppose that he is young. He has a broad nose and a rough, reddish skin, in which the color is fixed, and suggestive of the regular but moderate consumption of alcohol; the bloom of youth has been succeeded by the blossom. People look at him askance, and he takes it for admiration. I do not like to walk with him in the park.

"I say, look there!" cried Tom, with unnecessary noise, and grasping my arm as if it were a pint-pot—"look at that old blazer." I looked, and started. There was something familiar in the extraordinary figure. It was certainly extraordinary. There were a pair of Hessian boots, which were so old, and had been so rubbed and polished, that I should have thought them but polish and tassels if boots could stand without leather. Was it possible that vanity prompted the display of those shrunken limbs? As my eye passed upward I noted an old, old coat, which stirred faint memories of gentlemen with long whips in unsuccessful circuses. It was magnificently frogged, but obviously thin. It had been blue all over, but was now very white in parts. It was so tight that methought the poor old buttons were one and all frenzied in the struggle for existence; each life hung on a thread. Could it be that the cause of this display of the board-like form was vanity? The hat was not in harmony with the remainder of the costume. The garments were the garments of the romantic stranger of Kotzebue. The hat was the reckless, mysterious sombrero of the Mexican of Captain Mayne Reid. Redolent of the prairie was the handkerchief, loosely knotted about the white seamed throat. I looked earnestly at the face, but it was not familiar. "He does this every day," said Tom, shoving me towards this eccentric cavalier. "Did you ever see such a gay old guy?" Tom spoke in his hoarse whisper, which seems to have the effect of a telephone. I was uncomfortable, and pushed on without a second look.

Yet I saw nothing else. The figure haunted me. I paid no attention to Tom's remarks on fashionable folk, nor even to his emphatic nudges. My memory was flitting from place to place, from epoch to epoch of my career. On a sudden it lit upon the old gentleman. Why should I think of him? This cavalier of the park, for all his shrunken limbs, was evidently younger than that venerable artist. Moreover, nobody knew better than I that the old gentleman, off the boards and with no glass before him, was shy. I had long ago decided that the quality which lay beneath his many tricks and oddities—the soil from which they drew their vitality—was shyness. It was in the highest degree improbable that a shy man would attire himself as if he ran a circus in the boundless prairie, and, thus conspicuous, would tread the park at its most fashionable hour. The idea was intolerable. I whistled it down the wind, and turned my attention to the minuter peculiarities of persons less highly colored. I wished that I could whistle Tom Bolivar down the wind: it would have required a May hurricane. With Tom still dragging at my arm I turned, and again encountered the Mexican stranger. As I met him, he glanced at me from the corner of his eye, and quickly averted his head. I knew the movement: my vague fancies leaped together and were certainty: it was the old gentleman. It was impossible, but true. Tom gave a hoarse laugh to show his appreciation of the unusual costume. I shook him off and started in pursuit of my friend. Tom said "Holloa!" and followed me. Pushing somewhat roughly through the sauntering crowd I came to the side of the old gentleman. The old color came up into the thin lined cheek, but with a strange difference; it was no wonder that he looked younger, for he was elaborately made up. I took his arm; as I did so, I heard a kind of roar of astonishment behind me. I turned my head and saw Tom Bolivar standing open-mouthed. For a moment he stood like a beast in a slaughter-house, then he fled; I was rid of Tom. The arm which I took was trembling; the color had ebbed from the cheek and left it ghastly, for all its decoration. The old gentleman muttered something, and interpreting his speech to suit my wishes, I hurried him out of the crowd. There were people all about us staring; a cad laughed; a policeman made a witty remark: afterwards I re-

membered these trifles. At the time I thought of nothing but the old gentleman, who seemed about to faint. I helped him into a cab, and followed him, though he made a feeble gesture of expostulation. I asked for his address. He fumbled in his old coat, and with a poor imitation of his ancient flourish gave me a card grown dirty and limp about the corners; on it was written in pencil an address: his dwelling was in the dreariest street in Soho. He had a bedroom in a mean house—a bedroom to the corners of which the brush of the slattern paid angel visits; whence, when the faded, stained blind had gone up crooked, one could discern a smudged back-window, two irregular chimney-pots, some defective slates, probably a cat. In his room in Soho I saw the last of the old gentleman. He liked my visits: I used to send out for a moderate supply of whiskey. Under our influence he made a few remarks. He said that he could not understand why managers had suddenly ceased to offer him engagements. "Soon after my daughter left me," he said, "I fell out of employment. I have never been able to understand the reason. I feel that I have it in me now to act as well as ever." He had just finished his first tumbler. On another occasion he begged me not to suppose that his daughter had been unkind. I asked if she had not been able to help him. He pushed his tremulous right hand into the breast of his coat, and in an attitude of pride said, "Under the circumstances, I did not feel that I could accept pecuniary assistance." Then his hand came out from his chest; he seemed to shrink in his chair; he bowed his head almost to his knees, and I heard him muttering. "God forgive me!" he said (I felt that he had forgotten my presence); "I could not take her money. I tried—God forgive me!—but I couldn't."

When I last visited him, he was wandering a little; he was nervous and fidgety. He muttered fragments of prayers and plays, and broke off again and again to ask if it were not time to go to the park. "I mustn't miss the park," he said; "everybody'll be there—the public—I can't do without the public." Afterwards he began to prattle as if he were talking to a child. I could not hear much; but at last he spoke out very clearly and said, "Baby must clap her hands to pretty mamma when the big curtain goes up." After that he said nothing. He would not touch his whiskey; and I knew that the end was near.

From The Fortnightly Review.  
MATTHEW ARNOLD'S SELECTIONS FROM WORDSWORTH.\*

It is both interesting and instructive to hear what masters of a craft may choose to say upon the subject of their art. The interest is rather increased than diminished by the limitation of the imperfection of their view, inseparable from personal inclination, idiosyncrasy of genius, or absorbing previous course of study. When Heinrich exclaims, "There's no lust like to poetry;" when Goethe asserts, "*Die Kunst ist nur Gestaltung*;" when Shelley writes, "Poetry is the record of the best and happiest moments of the happiest and best minds," we feel in each of these utterances—too partial to express an universal truth, too profound to be regarded as a merely casual remark—the dominating bias and instinctive leanings of a lifetime. If, then, we remember that Mr. Matthew Arnold is equally eminent as a critic and a poet, we shall not be too much surprised to read the following account of poetry given in the preface to his selections from Wordsworth: "It is important, therefore, to hold fast to this: that poetry is at bottom a criticism of life; that the greatness of a poet lies in his powerful and beautiful application of ideas to life—to the question: How to live."

At first sight this definition will strike most people as a paradox. It would be scarcely less startling to hear, as indeed we might perhaps hear from a new school of writers upon art, that "criticism is at bottom the poetry of things," inasmuch as it is the critic's function to select the quintessential element of all he touches, and to present that only in choice form to the public he professes to instruct. Yet, when we return to Mr. Arnold, and compare the passage above quoted with the fuller expression of the same view upon a preceding page, the apparent paradox is reduced to the proportions of a sound and valuable generalization: "Long ago, in speaking of Homer, I said that the noble and profound application of ideas to life is the most essential part of poetic greatness. I said that a great poet receives his distinctive character of superiority from his application, under the conditions immutably fixed by the laws of poetic beauty and poetic truth, from his application, I say, whatever it may be, of the ideas

On man, on nature, and on human life,

\* *Poems of Wordsworth*. Chosen and Edited by Matthew Arnold. Golden Treasury Series. Macmillan, 1879.



which he has acquired for himself." An important element in this description of poetic greatness is the further determination of the ideas in question as moral: "It is said that to call these ideas *moral* ideas is to introduce a strong and injurious limitation. I answer that it is to do nothing of the kind, because moral ideas are really so main a part of human life. The question, *how to live*, is itself a moral idea; and it is the question which most interests every man, and with which, in some way or other, he is perpetually occupied."

With the substance of these passages there are few, who, after mature reflection on the nature of poetry, will not agree. That the weight of Mr. Arnold's authority should be unhesitatingly given against what he calls the poetry of revolt and the poetry of indifference to morals, is a matter for rejoicing to all who think the dissemination of sound views on literature important. It is good to be reminded at the present moment that Omar Kayam failed of true greatness because he was a reactionary, and that Théophile Gautier took up his abode in what can never be more than a wayside halting-place. From time to time critics arise who attempt to persuade us that it does not so much matter what a poet says as how he says it, and that the highest poetical achievements are those which combine a certain vagueness of meaning with sensuous melody and color of verbal composition. Yet, if one thing is proven with certainty by the whole history of literature to our time, it is that the self-preservative instinct of humanity rejects such art as does not contribute to its intellectual nutrition and moral sustenance. It cannot afford to continue long in contact with ideas that run counter to the principles of its own progress. It cannot bestow more than passing notice upon trifles, however exquisitely finished. Poetry will not, indeed, live without style or its equivalent. But style alone will never confer enduring and cosmopolitan fame upon a poet. He must have placed himself in accord with the permanent emotions, the conservative forces of the race; he must have uttered what contributes to the building-up of vital structure in the social organism, in order to gain more than a temporary or a partial hearing. Though style is an indispensable condition of success in poetry, it is by matter, and not by form, that a poet has to take his final rank.

Of the two less perfect kinds of poetry, the poetry of revolt and the poetry of

indifference, the latter has by far the slighter chance of survival. Powerful negation implies that which it rebels against. The energy of the rebellious spirit is itself a kind of moral greatness. We are braced and hardened by contact with impassioned revolutionaries, with Lucretius, Voltaire, Leopardi. Something necessary to the onward progress of humanity—the vigor of antagonism, the operative force of the antithesis—is communicated by them. They are in a high sense ethical by the exhibition of hardihood, self-reliance, hatred of hypocrisy. Even Omar's secession from the mosque to the tavern symbolizes a necessary and recurring moment of experience. It is, moreover, dignified by the pathos of the poet's view of life. Meleager's sensuality is condoned by the delicacy of his sentiment. Tone counts for much in this poetry of revolt against morals. It is only the Stratons, the Beccadellis, the Baudelaires, who, in spite of their consummate form, are consigned to poetical perdition by vulgarity, perversity, obliquity of vision. But the carving of cherry-stones in verse, the turning of triolets and rondeaux, the seeking after sound or color without heed for sense, is all foredoomed to final failure. The absolute neglect which has fallen on the melodious Italian sonnet-writers of the sixteenth century is due to their cult of art for art's sake, and their indifference to the realities of life. If we ask why Machiavelli's "Mandragora" is inferior to Shakespeare's "Merry Wives of Windsor," in spite of its profound knowledge of human nature, its brilliant wit, its irresistible humor, its biting satire, and its incomparably closer workmanship, we can only answer that Shakespeare's conception of life was healthy, natural, exhilarating, while Machiavelli's, without displaying the earnestness of revolt, was artificial, morbid, and depressing. The sympathies which every great work of art stimulates tend in the case of Shakespeare's play to foster, in the case of Machiavelli's to stunt, the all-essential elements of social happiness and vigor. In point of form, the "Mandragora" has better right to be a classic comedy than the "Merry Wives to Windsor." But the application of ideas to life in it is so unsound and so perverse that common sense rejects it: we tire of living in so false a world.

Without multiplying instances, it can be affirmed, with no dread of opposition, that all art, to be truly great art, to be permanent and fresh and satisfying

through a hundred generations, to yield the bread and wine of daily sustenance to men and women in successive ages, must be moralized — must be in harmony with those principles of conduct, that tone of feeling, which it is the self-preservative instinct of civilized humanity to strengthen. This does not mean that the artist should be consciously didactic or obtrusively ethical. The objects of ethics and of art are distinct. The one analyzes and instructs; the other embodies and delights. But since all the arts give form to thought and feeling, it follows that the greatest art is that which includes in its synthesis the fullest complex of thoughts and feelings. The more complete the poet's grasp of human nature as a whole, the more complete his presentation of life in organized complexity, the greater he will be. Now the whole struggle of the human race from barbarism to civilization is one continuous effort to maintain and to extend its moral dignity. It is by the conservation and alimention of moral qualities that we advance. The organization of our faculties into a perfect whole is moral harmony. Therefore artists who aspire to greatness can neither be adverse nor indifferent to ethics. In each case they proclaim their own inadequacy to the subject-matter of their art, humanity. In each case they present a maimed and partial portrait of their hero, man. In each case they must submit, however exquisite their style, however acute their insight, to be excluded from the supreme company of the immortals. We need do no more than name the chiefs of European poetry — Homer, Pindar, Æschylus, Sophocles, Virgil, Horace, Dante, Shakespeare, Molière — in order to recognize the fact that they owe their superiority to the completeness of their representation, to their firm grasp upon the harmony of human faculties in large morality. It is this which makes *classical* and *humane* literature convertible terms. It is this which has led all classes and ages of men back and back to these great poets as to their familiar friends and teachers, "the everlasting solace of mankind."

While substantially agreeing with Mr. Arnold, it may be possible to take exception to the form of his definition. He lays too great stress, perhaps, on the phrases, *application* of ideas, and *criticism*. The first might be qualified as misleading, because it seems to attribute an ulterior purpose to the poet; the second as tending to confound two separate faculties, the creative and the judicial.

Plato's conception of poetry as an inspiration, a divine instinct, may be nearer to the truth. The application of ideas should not be too conscious, else the poet sinks into the preacher. The criticism of life should not be too much his object, else the poet might as well have written essays. What is wanted is that, however spontaneous his utterance may be, however he may aim at only beauty in his work, or "sing but as the linnet sings," his message should be adequate to healthy and mature humanity. His intelligence of what is noble and enduring, his expression of a full, harmonious personality, is enough to moralize his work. It is even better that he should not turn aside to comment. That is the function of the homilist. We must learn how to live from him less by his precepts, than by his examples and by being in his company. It would no doubt be misunderstanding Mr. Arnold to suppose that he estimates poetry by the gnomic sentences conveyed in it, or that he intends to say that the greatest poets have deliberately used their art as the vehicle of moral teaching. Yet there is a double danger in the wording of his definitions. On the one hand, if we accept them too literally, we run the risk of encouraging that false view of poetry which led the Byzantines to prefer Euripides to Sophocles, because he contained a greater number of quotable maxims; which brought the humanists of the sixteenth century to the incomprehensible conclusion that Seneca had improved upon the Greek drama by infusing greater gravity into his speeches; which caused Tasso to invent an *ex post facto* allegory for the "Gerusalemme," and Spenser to describe Ariosto's mad Orlando, the triumphant climax of that poet's irony, as "a good governor and a virtuous man." On the other hand, there is the peril of forgetting that the prime aim of all art is at bottom only presentation. That, and that alone, distinguishes the arts, including poetry, from every other operation of the intellect, and justifies Hegel's general definition of art as "*die sinnliche Erscheinung der Idee*." Poetry is not so much a criticism of life, as a revelation of life, a presentment of life according to the poet's capacity for observing and displaying it in forms that reproduce it for his readers. The poet is less a judge than a seer and reporter. If he judges, it is as light, falling upon an object, showing its inequalities, discovering its loveliness, may be said to judge. The greatest poet is not the poet who has

said the best things about life, but he whose work most fully and faithfully reflects life in its breadth and largeness, eliminating what is accidental, trivial, temporary, local, or rendering insignificant details the mirror of the universal by his treatment. He teaches less by what he inculcates than by what he shows; and the truth of Plato's above-mentioned theory is that he may himself be unaware of the far-reaching lessons he communicates. From Shakespeare we could better afford to lose the profound remarks on life in "Timon" or "Troilus and Cressida," than the delineation of Othello's passion. The speeches of Nestor in the "Iliad" are less valuable than the portrait of Achilles; and what Achilles says about fame, heroism, death, and friendship could be sooner spared than the presentment of his action.

The main thing to keep in mind is this, that the world will very willingly let die in poetry what does not contribute to its intellectual strength and moral vigor. In the long run, therefore, poetry full of matter and moralized wins the day. But it must, before all else, be poetry. The application of the soundest moral ideas, the finest criticism of life, will not save it from oblivion, if it fails in the essential qualities that constitute a work of art. Imagination, or the power to see clearly and to project forcibly; fancy, or the power to flash new light on things familiar, and by their combination to delight the mind with novelty; creative genius, or the power of giving form and substance, life and beauty, to the figments of the brain; style, or the power to sustain a flawless and unwavering distinction of utterance; dramatic energy, or the power to make men and women move before us with self-evident reality in fiction; passion, sympathy, enthusiasm, or the power of feeling and communicating feeling, of understanding and arousing emotion; lyrical inspiration, or the power of spontaneous singing: these are among the many elements that go to make up poetry. These, no doubt, are alluded to by Mr. Arnold in the clause referring to "poetic beauty and poetic truth." But it is needful to insist upon them, after having dwelt so long upon the matter and the moral tone of poetry. No sane critic can deny that the possession of one or more of these qualities in any very eminent degree will save a poet from the neglect to which moral revolt or indifference might otherwise condemn him. Ariosto's vulgarity of feeling, Shelley's crude and discordant

opinions, Leopardi's overwhelming pessimism, Heine's morbid sentimentality, Byron's superficiality and cynicism, sink to nothing beneath the saving virtues of imagination, lyrical inspiration, poetic style, humor, intensity and sweep of passion. The very greatest poets of the world have combined all these qualities, together with that grand humanity which confers upon them immortal freshness. Of Homer, Pindar, Sophocles, Æschylus, Dante, Virgil, Shakespeare, Molière, Goethe, it is only possible to say that one or other element of poetic achievement has been displayed more eminently than the rest, that one or other has been held more obviously in abeyance, when we come to distinguish each great master from his peers. But lesser men may rest their claims to immortality upon slighter merits; and among these merits it will be found impossible to exclude what we call form, style, and the several poetic qualities above enumerated. To borrow a burlesque metaphor from the Oxford schools, a poet may win his second-class on his moral philosophy papers, if the others do not drag him down below the level of recognition; or he may win upon his taste papers, if he has not been plucked in divinity. It is only the supreme few whom we expect to be equally good all round. Shelley and Leopardi have, perhaps, the same prospect of survival on their artistic merits, as Wordsworth on the strength of his moral ideas.

It will be seen that we have now arrived at Mr. Arnold's attempt to place Wordsworth among the European poets of the last two centuries. Omitting Goethe and living men, it seems, to Mr. Arnold, indubitable that to Wordsworth belongs the palm. This distinction of being the second greatest modern poet since the death of Molière is awarded to Wordsworth on his moral philosophy paper. "Where, then, is Wordsworth's superiority? It is here: he deals with more of *life* than they do; he deals with *life*, as a whole, more powerfully." There is some occult fascination in the game of marking competitors for glory, and publishing class-lists of poets, artists, and other eminent persons. For myself, I confess that it seems about as reasonable to enter Wordsworth, Dryden, Voltaire, Leopardi, Klopstock, and the rest of them for the stakes of poetical primacy, and to announce with a flourish of critical trumpets that Wordsworth is the winner, as to run the moss-rose against the jessamine, carnation, clematis, crown imperial,

double daisy, and other favorites of the flower garden. Lovers of poets and of flowers will have their partialities; and those who have best cultivated powers of reflection and expression will most plausibly support their preference with arguments. There the matter ends; for, both in the case of the poets and the flowers, the qualities which stimulate our several admirations are too various in kind to be compared. Mr. Arnold has undoubtedly given excellent reasons for the place he assigns to Wordsworth. But it is dangerous for Wordsworth's advocate to prove too much. He has already gained a firm, a permanent, an honorable place upon the muster-roll of English poets. Why undertake the task of proving him the greatest? Parnassus is a sort of heaven, and we know what answer was given to the sons of Zebedee.

The final test of greatness in a poet is his adequacy to human nature at its best; his feeling for the balance of sense, emotion, will, intellect in moral harmony; his faculty for regarding the whole of life, and representing it in all its largeness. If this be true, dramatic and epic poetry must be the most enduring, the most instructive monuments of creative genius in verse. These forms bring into quickest play and present in fullest activity the many-sided motives of our life on earth. Yet the lyric has a sphere scarcely second in importance to that of the epic and dramatic poets. The thought and feeling he expresses may, if his nature be adequate, embrace the whole gamut of humanity; and if his expression be sufficient, he may give the form of universality to his experience, creating magic mirrors wherein all men shall see their own hearts reflected and glorified without violation of reality or truth. Wordsworth's fame will rest upon his lyrics, if we extend the term to include his odes, sonnets, and some narrative poems in stanzas—on these, and on a few of his meditative pieces in blank verse. His long philosophical experiments—"The Prelude," "The Excursion"—will be read for the light they cast upon the poet's mind, and for occasional passages of authentic inspiration. Taken as a whole, they are too unequal in execution, too imperfectly penetrated with the vital spirit of true poetry, to stand the test of time or wake the enthusiasm of centuries of students. Those, then, who love and reverence Wordsworth, for whom from earliest boyhood he has been a name of worship, will

thank the delicate and sympathetic critic who has here collected Wordsworth's masterpieces in the compass of three hundred pages. They will also thank him for the preface in which he has pointed out the sterling qualities of Wordsworth's poetry. After speaking of Wordsworth's debt to Burns, who first in a century of false taste used "a style of perfect plainness, relying for effect solely on the weight and force of that which with entire fidelity it utters," Mr. Arnold introduces the following paragraph as to Wordsworth's handling of that style:—

Still Wordsworth's use of it has something unique and unmatchable. Nature herself seems, I say, to take the pen out of his hand, and to write for him with her own bare, sheer, penetrating power. This arises from two causes: from the profound sincerity with which Wordsworth feels his subject, and also from the profoundly sincere and natural character of his subject itself. He can and will treat such a subject with nothing but the most plain, first-hand, almost austere naturalness. His expression may often be called bald, as, for instance, in the poem of "Resolution and Independence;" but it is bald as the bare mountain-tops are bald, with a baldness which is full of grandeur.

This is assuredly the truest and finest description which has yet been written of Wordsworth's manner at its best; and the account rendered of the secret of his charm is no less to the point: "Wordsworth's poetry is great because of the extraordinary power with which Wordsworth feels the joy offered to us in nature, the joy offered to us in the simple elementary affections and duties, and because of the extraordinary power with which, in case after case, he shows us this joy, and renders it so as to make us share it." At the same time Mr. Arnold recognizes the poet's inequalities, and the critical importance of his essay consists mainly in the broad and clear distinction he has made between what is more and less valuable in his work. "In Wordsworth's case, the accident, for so it may almost be called, of inspiration is of peculiar importance. No poet, perhaps, is so evidently filled with a new and sacred energy when the inspiration is upon him; no poet, when it fails him, is so left 'weak as is a breaking wave.'" The object, therefore, of Mr. Arnold is "to disengage the poems which show his power, and to present them to the English-speaking public and to the world." He thinks that the volume "contains everything, or nearly everything, which may

best serve him with the majority of lovers of poetry, nothing which may disserve him." Tastes will differ considerably about both clauses of this sentence; for while Wordsworthians may complain that too much has been omitted, others, who are anxious that our great and beloved poet should appear before the world with only his best singing-robcs around him, may desire an even stricter censorship than Mr. Arnold's. In the second lyric, "To a Butterfly," we find this stanza:—

Float near me; do not yet depart!  
Dead times revive in thee:  
Thou bring'st, gay creature as thou art,  
A solemn image to my heart,  
My father's family!

No excellence of moral sentiment can redeem the banality of these lines. The last verse, sincerely felt as it may be, respectable as is the emotion it expresses, is from the point of view of art a bathos. A really fine narrative, "The Brothers," contains abundance of writing which, were it not Wordsworth's, might be described, in the favorite phrase of "tenth-rate critics" as prose cut into lengths of ten syllables:—

And now, at last  
From perils manifold, with some small wealth  
Acquired by traffic 'mid the Indian isles,  
To his paternal home he is returned,  
With a determined purpose to resume  
The life he had lived there.

This is bald; but it is not "bald as the bare mountain-tops are bald." It is bald as a letter of introduction is bald, bald as the baldest passages of Crabbe. Can we expect Italians, accustomed to the grandly simple manner of Leopardi's country poems, to accept this? Or choose another example from a ballad called "The Power of Music":—

An Orpheus! An Orpheus!—yes, Faith may  
grow bold,  
And take to herself all the wonders of old;  
Near the stately Pantheon you'll meet with the  
same  
In the street that from Oxford hath borrowed  
its name.

This is neither bald nor yet genuine; it begins with a conceit, and the epithet applied to the Pantheon is uncouth in its falseness. Can we expect our American cousins to tolerate the style of this opening stanza for the sake of the noble democratic spirit which breathes through the poem? "The Character of the Happy Warrior" is both conceived and

written in the poet's stateliest mood; yet it halts at intervals on lines like these:—

But makes his moral being his prime care . . .  
By objects, which might force the soul to abate  
Her feeling, rendered more compassionate.

Will Frenchmen, habituated to look for sustained evenness of style in composition, recognize the "Happy Warrior" as a classic? These examples introduce a grave matter for consideration. No lover of Wordsworth could desire the exclusion of "The Brothers," or "The Power of Music," or the "Happy Warrior," from a selection of his poetry, however willingly they might leave the "Butterfly" alone. Yet the failure of perfect art in these three fine poems must prove an obstacle to their final acceptance by readers who make no national, or what Mr. Arnold would call provincial, allowance for Wordsworth. No such allowances are demanded by the work of Keats or Shelley, when subjected to such an equally rigorous process of sifting, as that applied to Wordsworth in this volume.

Still if, after study of the greatest literatures of Europe, we feel convinced that Wordsworth is a classic, it does not greatly signify what other nations now think about him. As nothing can confer world-wide celebrity on an inferior poet, however popular at home, so nothing can prevent a classic from attaining his right place in the long run. There is something slightly ridiculous in waiting upon French opinion, and expressing gratitude to M. Henry Cochin or any other foreign critic for a sensible remark upon Shakespeare. Still, as the question has been started whether Wordsworth is likely to become a poet of cosmopolitan fame, it is worth while to consider what these chances are. Mr. Arnold, comparing him with the acknowledged masters of the art in Europe, comes to the conclusion that he has "left a body of poetical work superior in power, in interest, in the qualities which give enduring freshness, to that which any of the others has left." What these qualities are we have already seen. It is the superior depth, genuineness, sincerity, and truth of Wordsworth's humanity, the solid and abiding vigor of his grasp upon the realities of life, upon the joys that cannot be taken from us, upon the goods of life which suffer no deduction by chance and change, and are independent of all accidents of fortune, that render Wordsworth's poems indestructible. He is



always found upon the side of that which stimulates the stored-up forces of humanity. If I remember rightly, he says that he meant his works "to console the afflicted, to add sunshine to daylight, by making the happy happier, to teach the young and the gracious of every age to see, to think, and feel, and therefore to become more actively and securely virtuous." This promise he has kept. When he touches the antique, it is to draw from classic myth or history a lesson weighty with wisdom applicable to our present life. "Laodamia" has no magic to compete with "The Bride of Corinth;" but we rise from its perusal with passions purified by terror and compassion. "Dion" closes on this note:—

Him only pleasure leads, and peace attends,  
Him, only him, the shield of Jove defends,  
Whose means are fair and spotless as his ends.

When he writes a poem on a flower, it is to draw forth thoughts of joy, or strength, or consolation. His "Daffodils" have not the pathos which belongs to Herrick's, nor has he composed anything in this style to match the sublimity of Leopardi's "Ginestra." But Leopardi crushes the soul of hope out of us by the abyss of dreadful contemplation into which the broom upon the lava of Vesuvius plunges him. Wordsworth never does this. The worst that can be said of him is that, as Mr. Swinburne said in a preface to Byron, he shreds Nature's vegetables into a domestic saucepan for daily service. Still the homely *pot au feu* of the moralist has no less right to exist than a wizard's cauldron of sublimity, and probably will be found to last and wear longer. Wordsworth has said nothing so exquisite as Poliziano upon the fragility of rose-leaves, nor has he used the rose, like Ariosto, for similitudes of youthful beauty. But the moralizing of these Italian amorists softens and relaxes. Wordsworth's poems on the celandine brace and invigorate. His enthusiasms are sober and solid. Excepting the "Ode on Immortality," where much that cannot be proved is taken for granted, and excepting an occasional exaggeration of some favorite tenet, as in this famous stanza,—

One impulse from a vernal wood  
May teach you more of man,  
Of moral evil, and of good,  
Than all the sages can,—

his impulsive utterances are based on a sound foundation, and will bear the test

both of experience and analysis. In this respect he differs from Shelley, whose far more fiery and magnetic enthusiasms do not convince us of their absolute sincerity, and are often at variance with probability. In the case of Shelley we must be contented with the noble and audacious ardor he communicates. The further satisfaction of feeling that his judgments are as right as his aspirations are generous, is too frequently denied. Wordsworth does not soar so high, nor on so powerful a pinion, but he is a safer guide. His own comparison between the nightingale and the stock-dove might be used as an allegory of the two poets. Their several addresses to the skylark give some measure of their different qualities.

The tone of a poet, the mood he communicates, the atmosphere he surrounds us with, is more important even than what he says. This tone is the best or the worst we get from him; it makes it good or bad to be with him. Now it is always good to be with Wordsworth. His personality is like a climate at once sedative and stimulative. I feel inclined to compare it to the influence of the high Alps, austere but kindly, demanding some effort of renunciation, but yielding in return a constant sustenance, and soothing the tired nerves that need a respite from the passions and the fever of the world. The landscape in these regions, far above the plains and cities where we strive, is grave and sober. It has none of the allurements of the south—no waving forests, or dancing waves, or fret-work of sun and shadow cast by olive branches on the flowers. But it has also no deception, and no languor, and no decay. In autumn the bald hillsides assume their robes of orange and of crimson, faintly, delicately spread upon the barren rocks. The air is singularly clear and lucid, suffering no illusion, but satisfying the sense of vision with a marvellous sincerity. And when winter comes, the world for months together is clad in flawless purity of blue and white, with shy, rare, unexpected beauty shed upon the scene from colors of sunrise or sunset. On first acquaintance this Alpine landscape is repellent and severe. We think it too ascetic to be lived in. But familiarity convinces us that it is good and wholesome to abide in it. We learn to love its reserve even more than the prodigality of beauty showered on fortunate islands where the orange and the myrtle flower in never-ending summer. Something of the sort is experienced by those who have yielded

themselves to Wordsworth's influence. The luxuriance of Keats, the splendor of Shelley, the oriental glow of Coleridge, the torrid energy of Byron, though good in themselves and infinitely precious, are felt to be less permanent, less uniformly satisfying, less continuously bracing, than the sober simplicity of the poet from whose ruggedness at first we shrink.

It is a pity that Wordsworth could not rest satisfied in leaving this tone to its natural operation on his readers "in a wise passiveness." He passes too readily over from the poet to the moralizer, clenching lessons which need no enforcement by precepts that remind us of the preacher. This leads to a not unnatural movement of revolt in his audience, and often spoils the severe beauty of his art. We do not care to have a somewhat dull but instructive episode from ordinary village life interrupted by a stanza of admonition like the following:—

O reader! had you in your mind  
Such stores as silent thought can bring,  
O gentle reader! you would find  
A tale in everything.  
What more I have to say is short,  
And you must kindly take it:  
It is no tale; but, should you *think*,  
Perhaps a tale you'll make it.

After this the real pathos of "Simon Lee" cannot fail to fall somewhat flat. And yet it is not seldom that Wordsworth's didactic reflections contain the pith of his sublimest poetry. Beautiful as the tale of the "White Doe" is æsthetically, it can bear the closing stanzas of precept:—

Grey-headed shepherd, thou hast spoken well;  
Small difference lies between thy creed and mine;  
This beast not unobserved by nature fell;  
His death was mourned by sympathy divine.

The Being, that is in the clouds and air,  
That is in the green leaves among the groves,  
Maintains a deep and reverential care  
For the unoffending creatures whom he loves.

The pleasure-house is dust:—behind, before,  
There is no common waste, no common gloom;  
But nature, in due course of time, once more  
Shall here put on her beauty and her bloom.

She leaves these objects to a slow decay,  
That what we are, and have been, may be known;  
But, at the coming of the milder day,  
These monuments shall all be overgrown.

Up to this point the application of moral ideas has been made with perfect suc-

cess. The artistic charm has not been broken. But the last stanza falls into the sermonizing style, as though the poet's inspiration failed him, and a pedagogue, with no clear conception of the unalterable order of the material universe, had taken his place:—

One lesson, shepherd, let us two divide,  
Taught both by what she shows, and what conceals,  
Never to blend our pleasure or our pride  
With sorrow of the meanest thing that feels.

The tone I have attempted to describe, as of some clear, upland climate, at once soothing and invigorating, austere but gifted with rare charms for those who have submitted to its influence, this tone, unique in poetry, outside the range, perhaps, of Scandinavian literature, will secure for Wordsworth, in England at any rate, an immortality of love and fame. He is, moreover, the poet of man's dependence upon nature. More deeply, because more calmly, than Shelley, with the passionate enthusiasms of youth subdued to the firm convictions of maturity, he expressed for modern men that creed which, for want of a better word, we designate as pantheism, but which might be described as the inner soul of science, the bloom of feeling and enthusiasm destined to enoble and to poetize our knowledge of the world and of ourselves. In proportion as the sciences make us more intimately acquainted with man's relation to the universe, while the sources of life and thought remain still inscrutable, Wordsworth must take stronger and firmer hold on minds which recognize a mystery in nature far beyond our ken. What science is not called on to supply, the fervor and the piety that humanize her truths, and bring them into harmony with permanent emotions of the soul, may be found in all that Wordsworth wrote:—

For I have learned  
To look on nature, not as in the hour  
Of thoughtless youth; but hearing oftentimes  
The still, sad music of humanity,  
Nor harsh nor grating, though of ample power  
To chasten and subdue. And I have felt  
A presence that disturbs me with the joy  
Of elevated thoughts: a sense sublime  
Of something far more deeply interfused,  
Whose dwelling is the light of setting suns,  
And the round ocean and the living air,  
And the blue sky, and in the mind of man:  
A motion and a spirit, that impels  
All thinking things, all objects of all thought,  
And rolls through all things.

The time might come, indeed may not

be distant, when lives like these should be sung in hours of worship by congregations for whom the "cosmic emotion" is a reality and a religion.

Wordsworth, again, is the poet of the simple and the permanent in social life. He has shown that average human nature may be made to yield the motives of the noblest poems, instinct with passion, glowing with beauty, needing only the insight and the touch of the artist to disengage them from the coarse material of commonplace.

The moving accident is not my trade :  
To freeze the blood I have no ready arts :  
'Tis my delight, alone in summer shade,  
To pipe a simple song for thinking hearts.

Should the day arrive when society shall be remodelled upon principles of true democracy, when "plain living and high thinking" shall become the rule, when the vulgarity of manners inseparable from decaying feudalism shall have disappeared, when equality shall be rightly apprehended and refinement be the common mark of humble and wealthy homes—should this golden age of a grander civilization drawn upon the nations, then Wordsworth will be recognized as the prophet and apostle of the world's rejuvenescence. He, too, has something to give, a quiet dignity, a nobleness and loftiness of feeling joined to primitive simplicity, the tranquillity of self-respect, the calm of self-assured uprightness, which it would be very desirable for the advocates of fraternity and equality to assimilate. Of science and democracy Wordsworth in his lifetime was suspicious. It is almost a paradox to proclaim him the poet of democracy and science. Yet there is that in his work which renders it congenial to the mood of men powerfully influenced by scientific ideas, and expecting from democracy the regeneration of society at no incalculably distant future.

After all, Wordsworth is essentially an English poet. He has the limitations no less than the noble qualities of the English character powerfully impressed upon him. I had occasion recently to say that Shelley brought into English literature a new ideality, a new element of freedom and expansion. Mazzini greeted Byron with enthusiastic panegyric as the poet of emancipation. Wordsworth moves in a very different region from that of either Byron or Shelley. He remains a stiff, consistent, immitigable English-

man; and it may be questioned whether his stubborn English temperament, his tough insular and local personality, no less than a certain homeliness in his expression, may not prove an obstacle to his acceptance as a cosmopolitan poet. I find a curious note on British literature in the "Democratic Vistas" of a transatlantic writer, a portion of which, though it is long, may here be not unprofitably cited:—

I add that, while England is among the greatest of lands in political freedom, or the idea of it, and in stalwart personal character, etc., the spirit of English literature is not great—at least, is not greatest—and its products are no models for us. With the exception of Shakespeare, there is no first-class genius, or approaching to first-class, in that literature which, with a truly vast amount of value and of artificial beauty (largely from the classics), is almost always material, sensual, not spiritual—almost always congests, makes plethoric, not frees, expands, dilates—is cold, anti-democratic, loves to be sluggish and stately, and shows much of that characteristic of vulgar persons, the dread of saying or doing something not at all improper in itself, but unconventional, and that may be laughed at. In its best, the sombre pervades it—it is moody, melancholy, and, to give it its due, expresses in characters and plots these qualities in an unrivalled manner. Yet not as the black thunderstorms, and in great normal, crashing passions, as of the Greek dramatists, clearing the air, refreshing afterward, bracing with power; but as in "Hamlet," moping, sick, uncertain, and leaving ever after a secret taste for the blues, the morbid fascination, the luxury of woe.

This is a severe verdict to be spoken by one whose main interest in life appears to be the building up of American personality by means of great literature. To the Americans, destined to be by far the most numerous of "the English-speaking public," our poetry cannot remain a matter of indifference, nor can their criticism of it be passed over by us with neglect. They are in the unique position of possessing our language as their mother tongue, and at the same time of contemplating our literature from a point of view that is the opposite of insular. Comparing English poetry with the spirit of the American people, whom he knows undoubtedly far better than the refined students of Boston, Walt Whitman comes to the conclusion that there is but little in it that will suit their needs or help them forward on the path of their development. Yet I cannot but think

that, had he read Wordsworth, he would have made at least a qualified exception in his favor.\* Wordsworth is not "sombre, moody, melancholy," is certainly not afraid of the "unconventional," does not borrow "artificial beauty" from the classics or elsewhere. In fact the faults here found with English poetry in general are contradicted in an eminent degree by his best poetry. But, though this seems clear enough, it remains true that in Wordsworth we find a ponderosity, a personal and patriotic egoism, a pomposity, a self-importance in dwelling upon details that have value chiefly for the poet himself or for the neighborhood he lives in, which may not unnaturally appear impertinent or irksome to readers of a different nationality. Will the essential greatness of Wordsworth, whereof so much has been already said, his humanity, his wisdom, his healthiness, his bracing tone, his adequacy to the finer inner spirit of a scientific and democratic age—will these solid and imperishable qualities overcome the occasionally defective utterance, the want of humor and lightness, the obstinate insularity of character, the somewhat repellent intensity of local interest, which cannot but be found in him?

This is no essay upon Wordsworth, but only a series of discursive notes suggested by Mr. Arnold's admirable preface. If I have seemed to say aught inconsistent with the reverence due to one of England's noblest singers, I can but answer that Wordsworth compels sincerity. That is one of his highest distinctions. It is impossible to be otherwise than plain-speaking in his presence. For the rest, it is enough to recite, by way of confession of Wordsworthian faith, a bed-roll of his masterpieces. "Lucy Gray," "Ruth," the "White Doe," "Resolution and Independence," "Michael," "The Daffodils," the "Lyrics on Lucy," "The Solitary Reaper," "Yarrow," "Ladonia," the "Ode to Duty," the "Ode on Immortality," "Tintern Abbey," "The Simplon Pass," with at least twenty of the finest sonnets that have been written in any language. I mention only those poems which take rank in my memory with the perfect of all ages and all nations. In this little volume there are some one hundred and sixty separate poems. A different selection from this

number might be made by a score of students, loving and honoring Wordsworth alike, and each selection would have an equal right to confer the title of Wordsworthian on its maker. So comprehensive is the poet's range. So ample, as Mr. Arnold puts it, is the body of his powerful work.

J. A. SYMONDS.

From Temple Bar.

#### HUNTING FOR SNARKES AT LYME REGIS

YES, we must go somewhere during these cruel north-easterly winds. We must leave the flowers that will blow in spite of them, the tulips, the polyanthes, the crimson-and-white daisies that fill our suburban garden with beauty we cannot enjoy. We must leave the golden leaves that so reluctantly come forth to the bitter air, and, as the now famous Jane Austen used playfully to say, mindful no doubt of its evil character, "this north-eastern being equally against our skin and conscience," we must seek a shelter from its cutting breath. Let us go to Lyme Regis, a place that she has immortalized, and there, if the guide-books are to be trusted, we may walk on the sands and parade, or sit and bask in the sunshine, if haply we can get any, even in the midst of the Blackthorn winter, with impunity. There also we may have the amusement of testing her proverbial accuracy, and of tracing the steps of that party, and ascertaining the precise spot of that accident which has made the Cobb more famous than any wonders of its construction. Hunting for snarkes is a very pleasant occupation if you do but make believe strong enough, and Jane Austen's creatures shall be realities to us as long as we stay at Lyme Regis.

We happened also to know that when Mr. Tennyson went there, and his friends wanted to show him the precise spot where the Duke of Monmouth landed, he exclaimed with an indignation equally creditable to his own genius and to hers, "Don't talk to me of the Duke of Monmouth. Show me that precise spot where Louisa Musgrove fell."

Every one must surely perceive that to ascertain that precise spot and satisfy his most laudable curiosity was an object worthy of our best endeavors and of our highest ambition. To Lyme Regis therefore, one very cold day in the middle of

\* This I gather from the modification of the above passage in favor of "the cheerful" name of Walter Scott.

last May, we went, and I may as well say at once that we found it as to warmth entirely satisfactory. The hill which rises behind the town quite shelters it from north wind, and as it curves to the east and joins the pretty line of cliffs which sweeps almost round to Portland Island, it scarcely feels even the north-easterns. Indeed, the parade is only open to winds that blow from the south, south-east, or south-west, especially south-east, and this fact was our first proof of Jane Austen's accuracy, for she speaks of the bloom in Anne Elliot's face being produced by the "fine south-easterly wind" she had been meeting.

The railway carried us as far as Axminster, where, the station being under repair, we had to wait in the dust and the wind whilst a fly was brought from the town, and very glad we were when it arrived, although it proved nothing better than a rough kind of omnibus, which seemed so entirely on its last legs, or rather wheels, that they had to be hammered together before we could start. However, it conveyed us in safety, and we were soon dragging down the "long, steep hill" by which Lyme is entered. Indeed, of the six miles which stretch between it and Axminster, it seemed to us that having ascended for about one, we descended all the remaining five. We did not enter the town, but took a road, which leaving it on our left took us down the steepest and stoniest pitch we had as yet encountered, at the bottom of which we turned into a little bit of street, so narrow there was only just room for the carriage to pass, out of which we descended on the esplanade and drew up at *our* lodgings. And such lodgings! Surely no other town but Lyme could have supplied them. They were very clean, and the cooking and attendance were good, but the house was nothing but a queer, ramshackle cottage with low rooms and small windows, and a staircase so narrow and steep and twisted, and withal dark, that it was a service of danger to get up and down it. Then there were two ground floors, one in its proper place, containing kitchen entrance and dining-room, and the other at the top of the house, containing the bedrooms and back door, which latter opened on to the green hill behind. The drawing-room, which by comparison with the rest might be called spacious, was on the middle, and from thence we had a charming view of the sea and harbor and Cobb, on one

side, and of the very pretty chain of eastern cliffs on the other. The pier was exactly opposite, and our first conviction was that we were in the very house which the Harvilles occupied. The situation answered precisely. Captain Benwick must have rushed past its window when flying for the doctor, and Captain Harville must have seen him. The dining-room, too, was so small, that only "those whose invitations came from the heart" could have supposed it possible to ask their friends to dine in it. Nothing could fit better, and we counted the bedrooms and arranged the party, and settled which was the chamber to which Louisa Musgrove was carried, when the word "carried" struck us all dumb. That dreadful staircase; could any man, even though a sailor, have carried any young lady up that dark and crooked ladder?—and not only dark and crooked, but with a projecting beam in the darkest corner, from which one could scarcely save one's own head. She might, indeed, have been carried up the steps on the outside of the house and so in at the back door, as our boxes had been, there being no other way of getting them into our rooms; but we dared not suppose so unusual a mode of entrance, and were reluctantly obliged to give up the idea.

In the bit of narrow street through which we had passed there was a small house equally suitable in situation, in which we afterwards settled the Harvilles, and as we could not examine its internal arrangements, and thereby prove it unfit, there they were when we left Lyme.

There should be method and order even in snarke-hunting, and we determined to keep our Cobb investigations until the last, agreeing that when we had done all we could to ascertain these more important localities, we would give the Duke of Monmouth a turn, and endeavor to discover the precise stone on which he knelt in thanksgiving for that safe landing which it would have been better for him, and far better for Lyme, had he never effected.

Our first step was to go to the library to get "Persuasion"—that is, if we could, about which we had some doubt; for some few years ago, when in Bath, being anxious to amuse ourselves with verifying all the places and streets, etc., mentioned in it and in "Northanger Abbey," we turned into a library close to Milsom Street, and asked for the volume, we were told not only that they had not



got it, but had never even heard of Jane Austen! And what was still worse, and hurt our feelings more, was that when we sought the inn which her genius has made so memorable, though we indeed found it, lo and behold! it was no longer the White Hart, it had sunk into the Queen, or the Royal Hotel, or something equally commonplace. It was some consolation to discover the displaced old sign, the veritable, gold-collared white hart standing in an obscure corner not very far off. Lyme, however, proved more grateful. The library not only contained the volume, but some one had added to its title, "A Story of the Cobb." By its help we could trace the movements of the whole party through those two eventful days. Starting from our own lodgings we pursued them along the sands up the narrow steps leading from the shore, on which Mr. Elliot drew back to leave room for his cousin to pass, and from thence past the now shut-up and deserted-looking assembly-rooms and into the main street of the town, which still seems "hurrying into the sea," and so back towards their hotel; but here we lost them, for, alas! there are now three or four inns, all looking pretty much equally respectable, almost touching each other, any one of which might have been *the one* at which they put up. For they have all adjacent stable-yards, out of which Mr. Elliot could have driven, and all have windows from which he could have been seen. It was some comfort to feel that it was just the same when she wrote, for she only says "one of the inns," as if there were several equally good as there are now.

We could not pass the assembly-rooms without remembering that she had danced in them, for at the time of her visit to Lyme she was only twenty-eight; young and pretty enough still to attract the admiring eyes of strangers, and to secure her more partners than she in her moderation wanted. Where she and her father and mother lodged in Lyme is not known; they were there in the September of 1804. Either just before or after this they were at Teignmouth, where they had lodgings in a house called "Great Bella Vista," which is still standing, and bears the same fantastic name. It is rather remarkable that there should be no allusion in any of her works to this latter place, unless it be in "Sense and Sensibility," which, though written before 1804, was not published until afterwards. Her

description of the situation at Barten Cottage is that of one who had seen the country "four miles north of Exeter," as no doubt in passing from Bath to Teignmouth, or from Teignmouth to Bath, she had done, and it might have been retouched when preparing the MS. for publication. Of this visit to Devonshire there is no mention in the life written by her nephew a few years ago.

Of course every one knows the Cobb. It was first constructed two years after the accession of Edward III., and then consisted of wooden piles incapable of long resisting the force of the storms which swept over them. Of wood, however, it continued to be remade as often as destroyed, until the time of James I., when somebody had the genius to build it of stone. The first walk we took upon it, we were almost disappointed to find it, as we supposed, so easy to satisfy Mr. Tennyson's curiosity, for halfway along is a double flight of steep steps leading from the upper to the lower Cobb, which exactly answered to the account, being in that part which is now undoubtedly the new end. The objection to which they were open was, that they were a double flight, and the sentence seems to imply but one; the words are, "They were all contented to pass quietly and carefully down *the steep flight*." We thought Jane Austen would have written "one of the steep flights," had she had a double staircase in her mind, and the more we pondered, the more that conviction grew on us. We turned, therefore, to another rougher and steeper set of steps farther along the Cobb.

The Cobb is nearly seven hundred feet in length, and these steps are about two hundred from its head. They also lead from the upper to the lower, at a part where the stones of the latter are so rough and uneven it made one shudder to think of falling upon them. Besides, these were in that part which was rebuilt in 1792, and was undoubtedly older than the other end. The guide-books also complicated the matter still further, for they told us that in 1817 a storm carried away a great part, and that another, much more severe, in 1824, demolished nearly three hundred feet of it. These facts made it clear to us that we never could settle our question unless we could ascertain what parts had been destroyed by these tempests. The double steps and the single are so far apart that three hundred feet might have been swept away and left

them both untouched. But had it? The tradition of such a storm as that in 1824 would be sure to be preserved in the harbor; we had heard of it before, when at Sidmouth, where it was spoken of as "the great storm," and we were shown the red roots of what had once been a huge red sandstone cliff, called the Chit Rock, which had been swept away by it. Any sailor would know all about it; so seeing a remarkably fine-looking preventive man coming along with his telescope under his arm, we stopped him, and, like Catherine Morland, asked what we wanted to be told. In a moment all doubt was settled. The part of the Cobb swept away by the tempest of '24 reached from a few feet from the beginning to the old part of 1792. Nor did the destruction it worked end with the Cobb. It drove out of the harbors all the vessels and boats which crowded it, and had run in there hoping for shelter and safety. It beat down several houses, buildings, and wharves, destroyed every step of the walk from the assembly-rooms to the pier, and the whole side of a street reaching from the fish-market to the gun-cliff. It lasted many hours, and when it ceased it left poor Lyme a wreck, some of its inhabitants ruined, and many more impoverished. It was after this storm that what is now the new part of the Cobb, with its double flight of steps, was built. With it, therefore, we could have nothing to do. This tempest swept away all the work done after that of 1817. But the storm of that year carried away all that was really old; until that date the Cobb consisted of that very handsome upper end built in 1792, and the lower, or town end, some of which was more than a hundred years older. Hence it is clear that when Jane Austen visited Lyme, in 1804, what is the old Cobb to us was the new Cobb to her, and the rough single flight of steps which still exists in it was the flight down which Louisa Musgrove jumped, and at the foot of which she fell. This is getting as near to the precise spot as possible, and we may surely say Q. E. D. To those who inspect it, it must be, as it is to us, a source of wonder that Captain Wentworth should have allowed her to jump from such steps down to such ground. It almost exceeds credibility that he should have suffered it, or that her brother should have stood by and not remonstrated.

As for the memorials of the Duke of Monmouth, they did not offer us any

sport at all. The pier, as it stands now, is an entirely recent work, and of that on which he landed there is not a trace. Moreover, the various rebuildings of the Cobb which have taken place since his day have probably left not a stone of that Cobb upon which Judge Jeffries caused so many of his poor unhappy followers to be hanged. The house in which he slept long survived, and from an old engraving we have seen it must have been a handsome and interesting building. It was, however, destroyed in 1844 by fire, which consumed also some forty other houses. Nothing, therefore, remains to Lyme of any historical interest. The railways have brought other and prettier places within easier reach, and any revival of her importance and prosperity does not seem probable. She ought to be dear, however, to the hearts of all geologists, for out of her blue lias cliffs came the first of the ichthyosauri and the plesiosaurs found in this country, and still when her rocks are blasted or there is a fresh landslip some pre-Adamite reliques may be found. Once they might have been picked up amongst the shingle; but the pickers-up have been so numerous there are none left worth stooping for. However, I should like to say a word to recommend that particular corner of Devonshire to the notice of artists. I say Devonshire, because Lyme is only one mile from that county, and its greatest beauties lie over the boundary. I think any one who would take Jane Austen's advice and go to Pinhay would find himself abundantly rewarded, and that he might work there for days without exhausting its beauties.

The cliffs from Lyme to Sidmouth offer also a most remarkable variety of tint. At Lyme, as has been before mentioned, they are mainly of blue lias, at Seaton they are of chalk and red marl, at Beer they are of chalk alone, at Sidmouth they are of chalk and red sandstone. Beautiful as are the grays and purples that the blue lias changes into, they offer a much smaller variety of color than do the red sandstone of Sidmouth. These range from yellow and light red to the deepest ensanguined browns, and their gorgeous hues are often reflected in the waves which break and curdle into rose-colored tints as they ebb and flow. Then the grays that form their shadows are so exquisite, the blue mists that gather in their hollows, the white clouds which crown their heads or hang about their peaks,

are so beautiful, that they surely deserve that some artist should paint their loveliness. The Peak Hills also are splendid. Standing halfway up one you have a foreground of green turf with the red hill rising up to the clouds on your right, from which you are separated by a deep chasm of some three hundred feet, at the bottom of which is the sea. In front rises the other and higher Peak Hill, yellow and red, and gray and purple, with here and there a streak of green turf or a patch of scrub—and beyond that a long line of cliffs, of which the very palest and most distant are almost at Torquay. One or two detached rocks stand out of the base, over which the waves break, and around which the sea gulls are perpetually flying. All this forms a picture, truly of all the tints of the rainbow never to be forgotten. But enough of the rocks. Let me say a word of sweeter and tenderer beauties.

I should like to send every one with a sore heart or a weary brain to drive about the lanes of Devonshire in the early summer. There is not a bank which is not a feast of beauty—beauty, not awful like that of the cliffs, not melancholy like that of the moaning sea, but like that of childhood, loving and pure as if it were fresh from heaven. There are, no doubt, in many places rare ferns and rare plants, but it is not they that make the charm. No. It is the thousands of primroses, the fields and beds of blue hyacinths, the masses of red campion, all growing together in every hedgerow and upon every bank; in the midst of clusters of shining hartstongues, and clumps of asplenium, mingled with the beautiful cut-leaved ivy and the yellow-green spurge, and everywhere sprinkled over with the silver stars of the elegant little white stitchwort. It is these common things growing in such wonderful profusion that make a beauty that steals into your heart and soothes and comforts it like a word of love—a beauty which, like the songs of the birds, fills you with an emotion you cannot clothe in words, redolent of the tenderness which makes the sparrows its care and bids us behold “the lilies of the field.”

F. C. L.

From Nature.

#### THE BIS-COBRA, THE GOH-SAMP, AND THE SCORPION.

SNAKES of all kinds are held in great horror by the natives of India, and they

slay indiscriminately and ruthlessly all they come across, but this horror pales before the terror inspired even by the names of the bis-cobra and goh-samp,—terror so great, that, if met with, the harmless animals are given the widest berth possible, and their destruction is never attempted. Though actual animals, they are virtually mythical, that is as regards the deadly properties assigned to them, and we easily recognize in them the originals of the flame-breathing dragon and deadly basilisk. The gaze of the bis-cobra is awful even from a distance, and its bite is instant death; and if the goh-samp breathes upon, or at you, you fall dead at once.

With such awful reputations attached to them, I lost no time, in my early career, in attempting to make the acquaintance of these formidable reptiles, and after much labor, succeeded.

No one would help me in procuring a bis-cobra, and my servants repeatedly warned me against the risk and madness of the attempt. At one time I had engaged the services of a savage woodsman in collecting birds' eggs, and to him I, one day, applied for a bis-cobra, but he at first refused, and it was only the promise of large bakhshesh that ultimately induced him to promise his assistance. After several days he appeared carrying an earthen pot at the end of a long bamboo, and meeting me, whispered mysteriously in my ear, “*Sahib! bis-cobra!*” Glad of the news, I summoned my servants, who, when they heard the reason of the summons, reluctantly formed a distant semicircle. The *pasee* cautiously put down the pot and also retired to a distance. In no way dismayed, I approached the pot, removed the dirty rag around its mouth and looked in. As expected, I found a beautiful brown and yellow lizard, freely protruding in its fear a forked anguine tongue, and anxious to escape. On taking it up it seized my hand with its delicate teeth, and in this position I held it up to the horror-stricken servants who exclaimed in fear, “*Sahib! sahib! chor do, phenk do* (Master! master! let (it) go, throw (it) away).” Then, on my declining to do either, they, like the barbarians of old, waited anxiously to see whether I “should have swollen or fallen down dead suddenly,” and seeing no harm, they quietly dispersed.

My adventure with the goh-samp was unsought and equally satisfactory.

Walking in my garden one day, I met

the gardener running away with affrighted look from a pear-tree, and asked the reason; he could only gasp out, "Goh-sámp, sahib, goh-sámp!" and implore my return. Delighted at the opportunity, I pressed on, and soon saw the awful reptile trying to dodge my gaze; a large, scaly, uncanny-looking tree lizard about fourteen inches long. In the distance the *mali* (gardener) implored me to beware his *phoonk* (blast of breath), but I courted it, by trying to dislodge him, which I succeeded in doing by shaking the bough, and then he threw himself on the ground and scuttled up another tree. Both lizards are absolutely harmless, and I believe a poisonous lizard is quite unknown.

The scorpion is not dreaded like the snake, but, like it, is inevitably killed. Its habits and pursuits well deserve study; my observance of the former has enabled me to clear away (to my own satisfaction) many obscurities with regard to its poison weapon and the mode of using it. And let me declare at once that the popular idea regarding scorpionic suicide is a delusion based on impossibility. Owing to the position and nature of its weapon, the animal cannot strike itself. It does not protrude a sting as bees, *et hoc genus omne*, do, and the line of strike is downwards and backwards, with at times a lateral but yet downward motion. As literally described in Holy Writ, *it strikes but does not sting*; and its motion in so doing may be imitated by seizing the tip of the index or middle finger with the thumb, and suddenly liberating the former.

The poison is acid and albuminous; the latter I presume, as on placing a living specimen in spirit, the animal in its death throes ejected it, and it immediately coagulated in threads.

The pain and constitutional disturbance attendant on scorpion strike are often very severe, and children have occasionally succumbed; but adults only complain of the pain, which generally passes off in half an hour. On two occasions I have passed through a host of migrating crickets, once by day and once by night; on the first occasion my carriage wheels crunched for a mile through a cricket migration; and on the second my palkee-bearers' feet slid about amid crushed crickets; on this occasion one of the bearers yelled out that a scorpion (out on a cricket spree) had struck his foot, and hobbled up to the palkee. Having the means at hand

I applied a paste of ipecacuanha and laudanum, with almost immediate relief, and the bearer trudged on with the rest.

Peshawar

H. F. HUTCHINSON.

From Nature.

#### THE SILK GOODS OF AMERICA.\*

THIS book has been issued under the auspices of the Silk Association of America, with the view of affording information as to the character of the silk goods manufactured in that country. Not many years since nearly all such goods were imported, and even now the entire product of many of the American silk-mills is represented to the consumer as of European make. The Silk Association have, however, bestirred themselves; they find that in order to obtain a standing in a market where imported articles hold an established reputation they are obliged to make better fabrics than their foreign rivals, and, naturally enough, they now seek to secure for themselves the credit of their enterprise. The Centennial Exhibition startled the manufacturers both of this country and of France with the extent and rapidity of their progress in developing this special branch of industry. The railways across the continent and the direct trade with Asia across the Pacific Ocean have placed America more nearly on a level with European countries as regards supplies of raw silk; improvements in the power-loom and the continuance of the tariff policy of the government have done the rest. Mr. Wyckoff boldly states that had that policy vacillated during the last ten or fifteen years there would have been no story of improvement to tell. One of the main difficulties with which the American manufacturer had to contend was the want of skilled labor, and this was more especially felt in the production of black dress goods. On account of the necessity of securing perfect equality in the threads, such goods are far more difficult to produce than are more highly ornamented fabrics, but although the manufacture of broad black silks on anything like a large scale has only been attempted in America during the last half-dozen years, it is estimated that fully a third of the plain silks and a much larger proportion of the bro-

\* *The Silk Goods of America.* By Wm. C. Wyckoff. New York: Van Nostrand.

cade silks which are consumed in that country are made there. Indeed Mr. Wyckoff states that the advance in this branch of manufacture within the last three years is greater than that in any other department of American silk industry. Nor is the reason for this far to seek. The American manufacturers, as a class, have studiously set their faces against the abominable system of "loading" which prevails so largely on this side the Atlantic. Nearly all European broad black silks are doubled, nay, sometimes even trebled, in weight in the dyeing of the yarn. This is how the "black art" is practised in France. The yarn is repeatedly dipped in nitrate of iron until sufficiently weighted, after which it is passed through a bath of prussiate of potash and then treated with gambier and acetate of iron. To brighten it it is next passed through a logwood bath and well soaped; if it is to be soft and satin-like it is oiled and treated with soda; if it is to be stiff and rustling it is dipped in acid. No wonder after this that the black silk with its load of grease and iron wears shiny, and cracks in the folds. "It is asking too much to demand that the few strands shall act as iron-mine, soap-factory, and chemical laboratory all at once and stand the wear of practical use besides. These are requirements before which the English attempt to make a grocery store out of a shirt pattern is a simple and ordinary matter." Nothing is easier, however, than to discover this loading of dyestuff. If ladies would insist on being allowed to test a small sample of the silk, at home, before purchasing, by the very simple operation of burning it, the sophistication would speedily perish. Pure silk crisps instantly on burning, and leaves a small quantity of charcoal; loaded silk smoulders slowly to a yellow ash. Not many years ago men's coats were largely trimmed with black silk braid; but now, as a maker in the article was heard dolefully to declare, "the trade in black braids is as dead as Julius Cæsar," for we have naturally got disgusted with the frayed and brown appearance which the article generally assumes after a week or two's wear, thanks to the fact that it usually contains more dyestuff than silk. The public is gradually awakening to a knowledge of these things, just as surely as the patient Hindoo and the heathen Chinese have had their eyes opened to that miserable compound of starch, cotton, China clay, and Epsom

salts which the Manchester merchants have palmed off upon them as genuine shirtings.

Let the silk-manufacturers take warning: to meet falling markets with inferior goods dressed and dodged so as to simulate a better article is simply to hasten on the time of trouble and disaster. Markets have reputations as tender as that of Cæsar's wife. If such malpractices continue we shall soon be clamoring, in the interests of commercial morality and of national prosperity, for an extension of the Adulteration Act from our food to our clothes.

---

From Fraser's Magazine.

#### A VILLAGE IDYLL.

'Tis the quiet eve of a northern spring: the village sleeps in the sun  
That flames in the west as fair as when the world was new begun.  
Tired Labor lays his tools aside and his cramped soul warms with mirth  
As he lingers out in the cool spring wind to look on the lovely earth:  
For the crocus gleams in the garden-plots, primroses shine on the leas,  
And faintly, slowly, like gathering flame, the green tint gains on the trees.  
The swallow has come from the south once more to live in his last year's nest,  
For his heart, too, clings to the olden things and the places his youth knew best:  
The new-born bee is out in the fields—he is laboring, too, as we,  
To garner fruit thro' the sunshine hours for days he shall never see;  
And the heart of man, on this eve of spring, is glad, and he knows not why,  
But he feels that to live is a lovely thing, tho' at last he must fade and die.  
The rooks in solemn council all are met on the beeches seven  
That crown the middle hillock green where the kirk points up to the heaven:  
Wide over the nestling village rings the din of their loud debate  
'Tis a question of serious import sure—a matter that touches the state!  
Down there in the quaint and straggling street a group of the wise men stand—  
The rustic senate—and speak deep words of the war and the state of the land:  
And nigh, on the grass of the village green, the laughing children play,  
Filled full of the season's rapturous life and glad for the gift of a day:  
By their open doors, with faces pale made sweet with sorrow and love,  
Linger the women a-knitting and look to the kirkyard slope above.



At his shining window that looks to the west the village teacher sits ;  
 Now fixes his eyes on the sunset skies — now reads in his book by fits.  
 He is old and shrunken before his time, and the lines of his thin cheek tell  
 Of early sorrows his heart keeps locked away in its secret cell ;  
 They have ceased to pain ; he has conquered them ; they have left but a silent trace  
 In the gentle shadow that sometimes moves so softly over his face.  
 He turns from his page to the sun-haired boy who cons his task by his side,  
 And a strange light dawns in his dewy eyes — is it sadness, I wonder, or pride ?  
 " Lay past your book," he begins, and the boy starts up in a glad surprise,  
 But he checks his heart at the earnest look that dwells in his father's eyes —  
 " I have thought, my boy, as I looked to-night on the new world spread for the spring,  
 And heard the delight that the children make now winter hath taken wing —  
 I have thought as I heard their voices blithe — so fast on my track they pour —  
 That the change of the earthly seasons soon will touch me nevermore.  
 But I would not darken your bright young soul with the mystical shadow of death :  
 Rejoice in your youth — we are given but once that period of precious breath ;  
 Yet I who must finish my journey soon have somewhat indeed to say  
 To you who are setting your untired feet to traverse the same life-way.  
 I do not murmur — I have not sunk at least by the strife oppress :  
 Grievs I have gained when I looked for joys : who knows in truth what is best ?  
 Some lives I have sought to solace at least, some lonely souls to befriend :  
 Much wrong, some good, I have lived to do, and now I can face the end,  
 For trust me, boy, when your eyes are met by the earnest eyes of Death,  
 What good hast thou done with thy life ? — is indeed what the voice of the spirit saith.  
 The counsel of bloodless age, I know, sounds harsh in the ears of youth :  
 It may be each for himself thro' pain and error must find the truth.  
 Some time at least thou shalt know, my boy, if ignorant yet thou art,  
 No end that is shut in self can bring content to a human heart ;  
 Nor withering pleasure nor golden treasure can heal its immortal ache,  
 But a will that strains to the goal of good will the world one splendor make.  
 'Tis a truth that gleams thro' the radiant cloud of the tale that the bright Greeks told,  
 How vainly the tempest of warrior kings round the walls of Ilium rolled ;

For they sought sweet Helen with labor and blood in the blind hot fever of fight,  
 But she by the calm of the ancient Nile walked crowned with the lotus white.\*  
 So strive men blindly, and trust from power or pleasure Content to win,  
 But she in a home of quiet air dwells far from struggle and sin.  
 Ah méf how the noise of their empty lives in my hearing now but seems  
 The foolish babble of children lost in dim confusion of dreams !  
 But the light is failing low in the world as the life ebbs out in me,  
 And the shadows gather and grow again like the tides of the last great sea :  
 O clear in the core of the darkness shine, thou steadfast light of the soul,  
 However the days throng down into death, however the seasons roll !"  
 The lost day dropt in the gulf of night, his words in the silence deep,  
 And the holy stars came out to watch as the village sank to sleep.

In cool high boughs the clamorous rooks confer ;  
 Hark, from below, the children's echoing mirth !  
 Mild the young spring ; in all the air astir  
 The subtle sense of a renewing earth.

This is the spot where now they slumber ; see  
 The lichen'd letters of the father's name ;  
 Nature is busy with them silently,  
 O'ermastering powerless man's uneasy aim.

The youth ? He left the village for the town,  
 Made a great fortune — so the people say ;  
 And a fair wife came graciously to crown  
 His lot with love ; till on an evil day

She died, and he was childless and alone.  
 Thereon he left the city and returned  
 To his old birthplace, and beneath this stone  
 Sleeps with his father quietly inurn'd.

His wealth he left to folk in pain and need :  
 Even living here, their woes would oft release.

It was not always so, they say indeed.  
 I cannot tell. Let the dead rest in peace.

J. MCREATH.

\* οὐδ' ἔβας ἐν νηοῖν εὐσελμοῖς  
 οὐδ' ἔκτο πάργαμα Τροίας.

*Stesichorus.*